

DELL

JULY-SEPT.

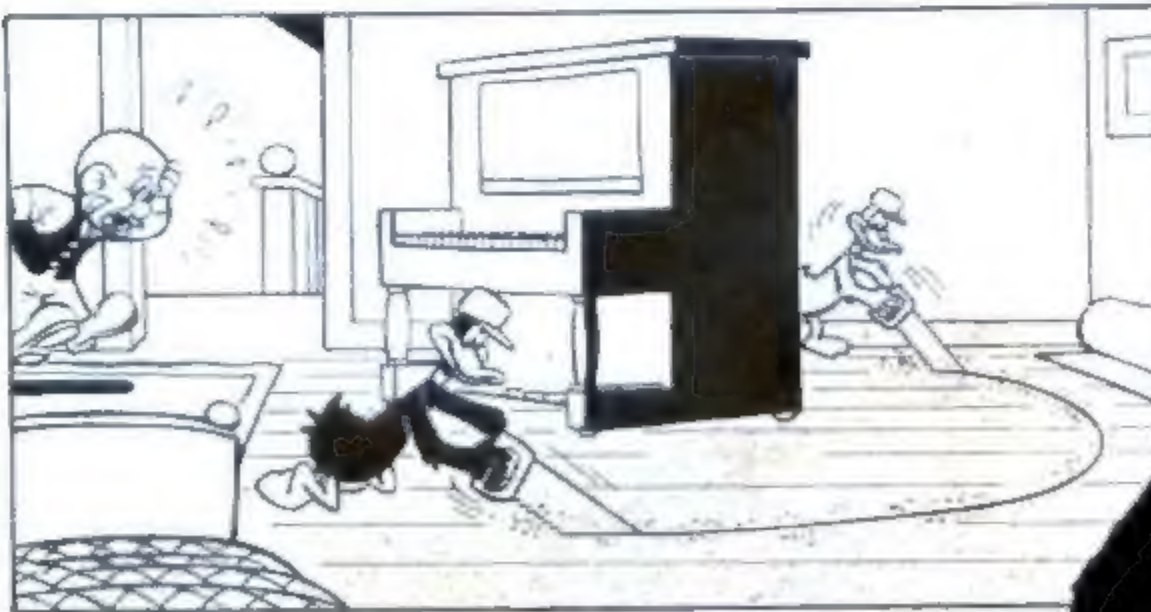
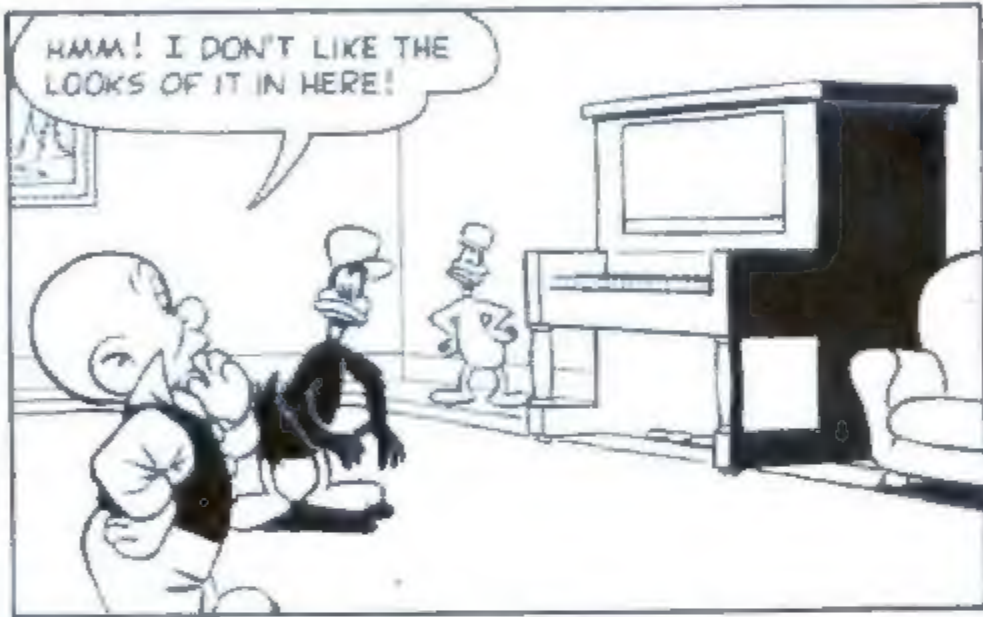
15¢

Daffy



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

DAFFY



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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

Daffy

BELL HOPPIN' MAD

HOTEL
SWANK

POW!

OUT! NO CRAZY
DUCKS ARE ALLOWED
IN THIS HOTEL!

AWK!

NOW WAIT JUST A MINUTE, FUDDSY! IS THAT ANY
WAY TO TREAT AN OLD FRIEND?

YOU'RE NO FRIEND OF
MINE, YOU WASCAL!

I'M THE HEAD BELLBOY IN THIS HOTEL AND IT'S
THE BEST JOB I'VE EVER HAD! I'M NOT GOING
TO LET ANY TROUBLE-MAKING DUCK RUIN IT
FOR ME!

NOW SCWAM AND
STAY SCWAMED!

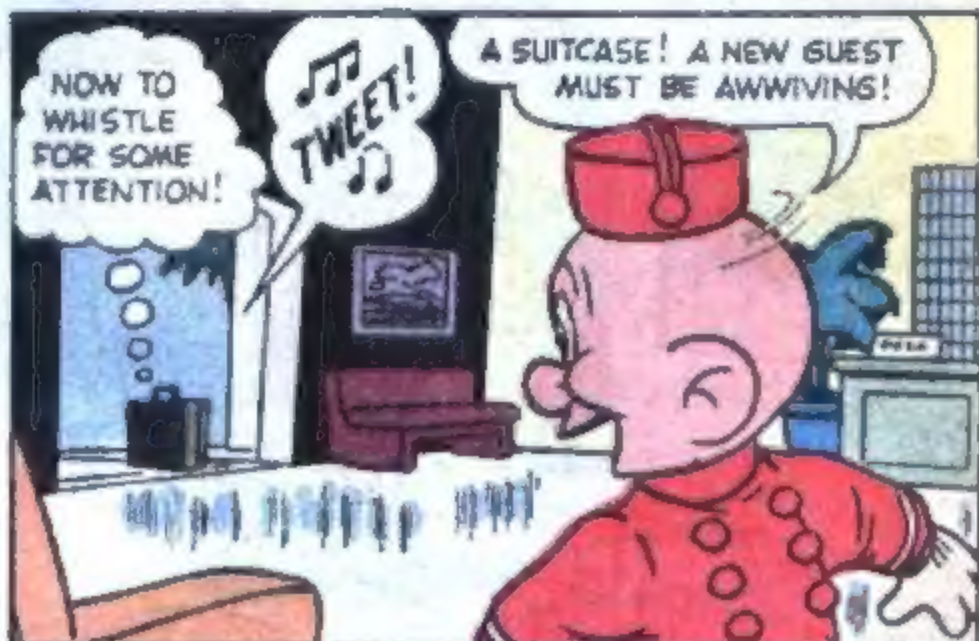
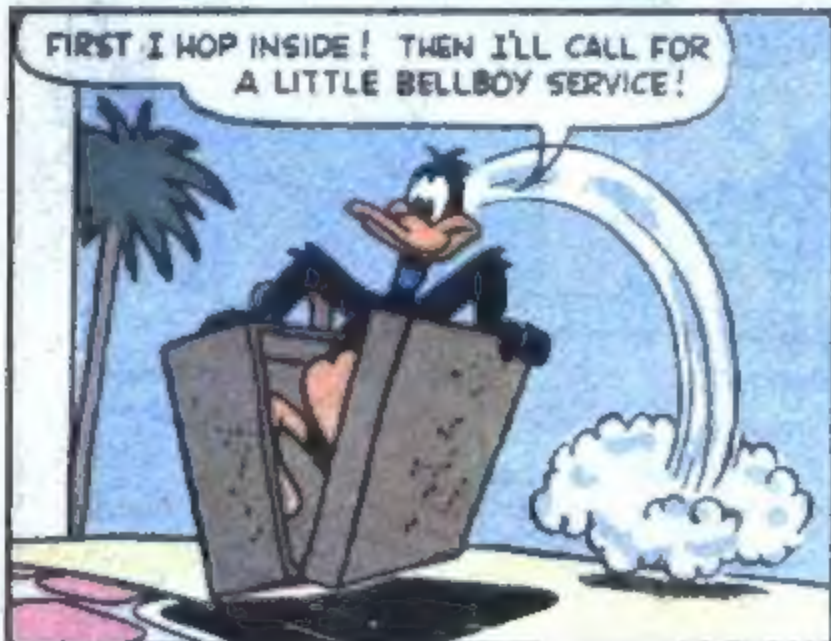
IS THAT
FINAL?

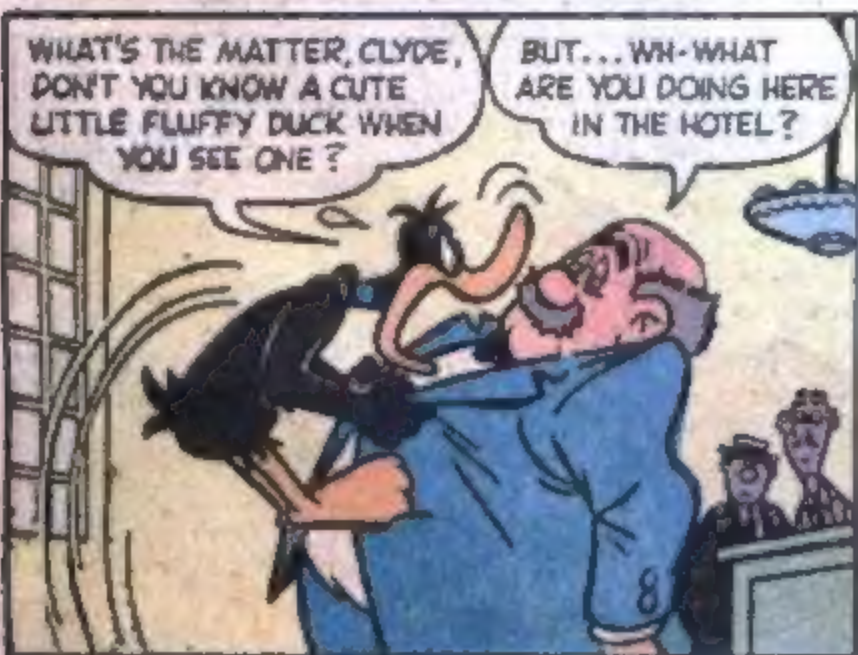
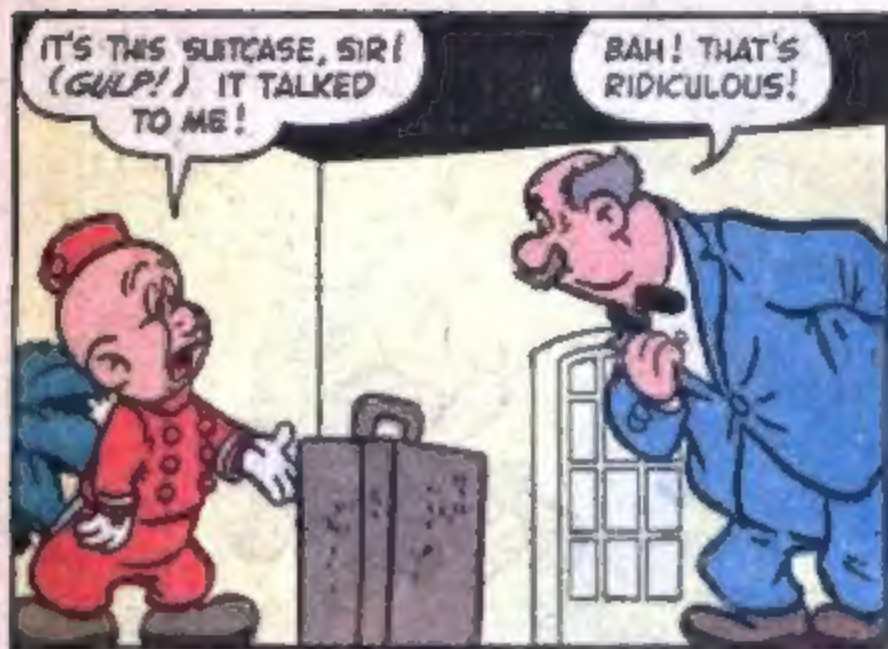
YES!

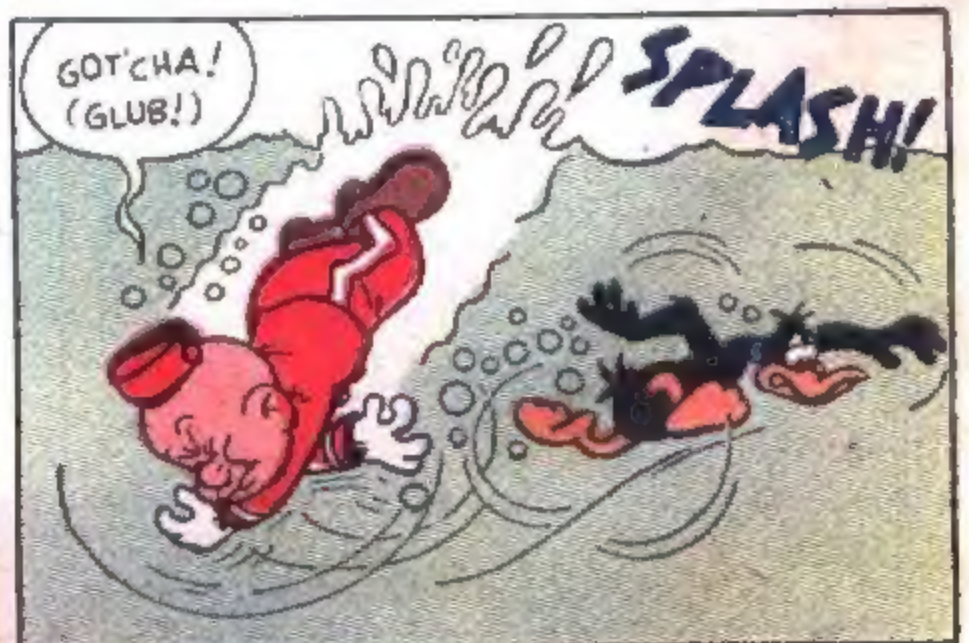
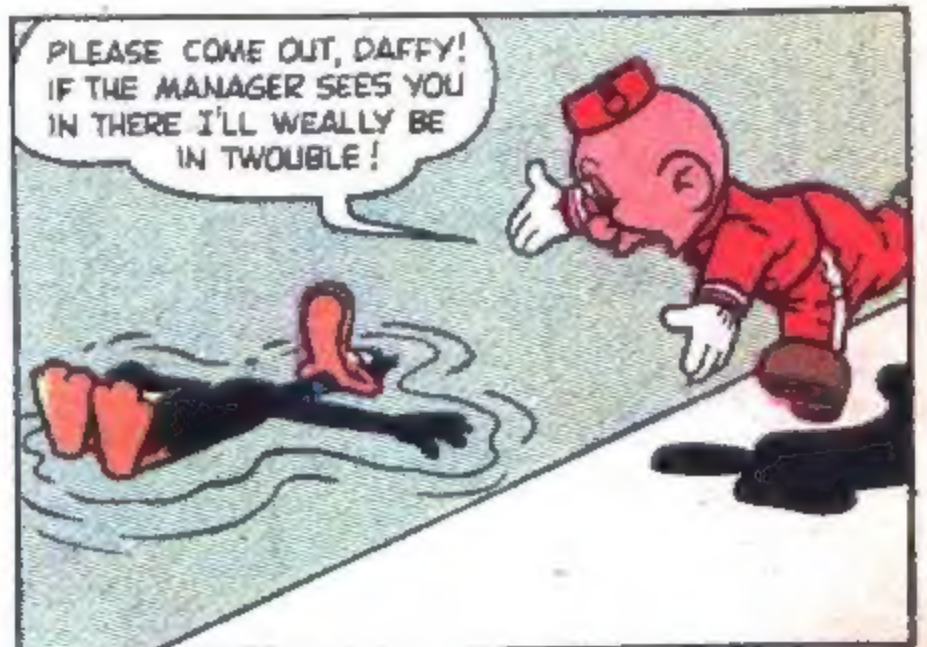
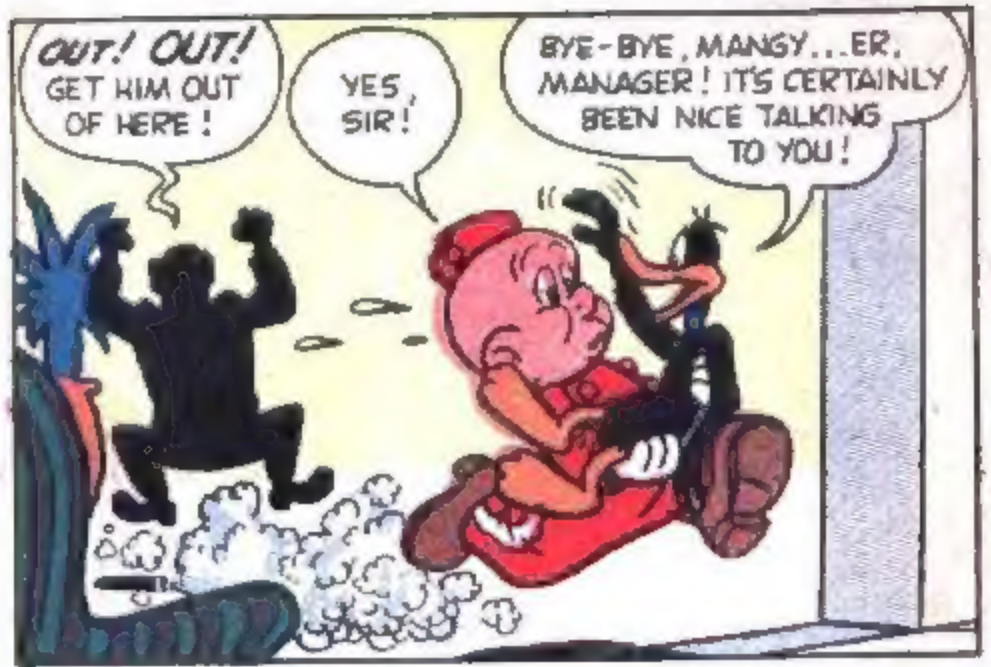
SHEEEESH!
WHAT A
GROUCH!

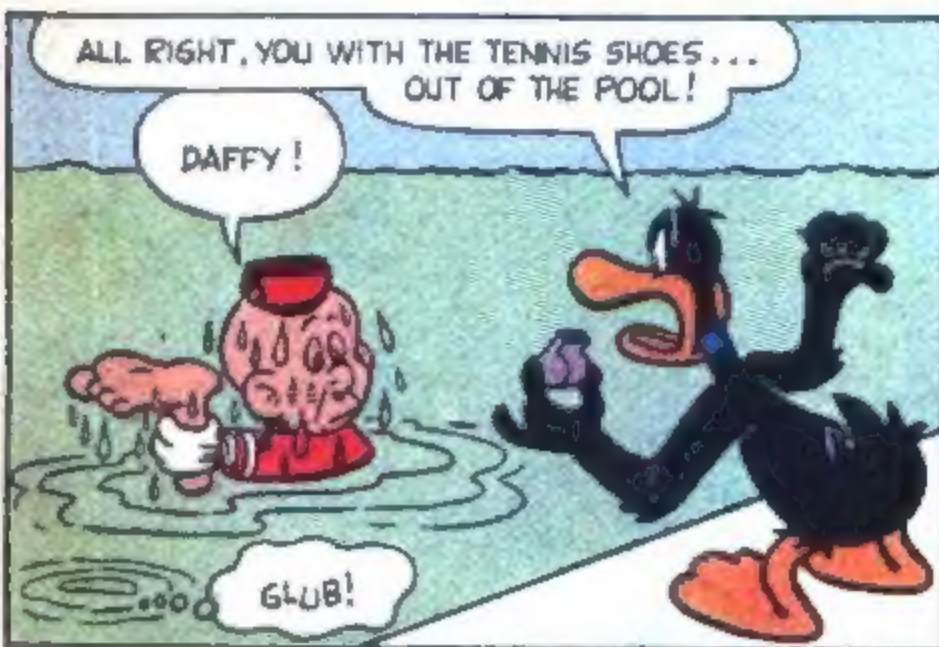
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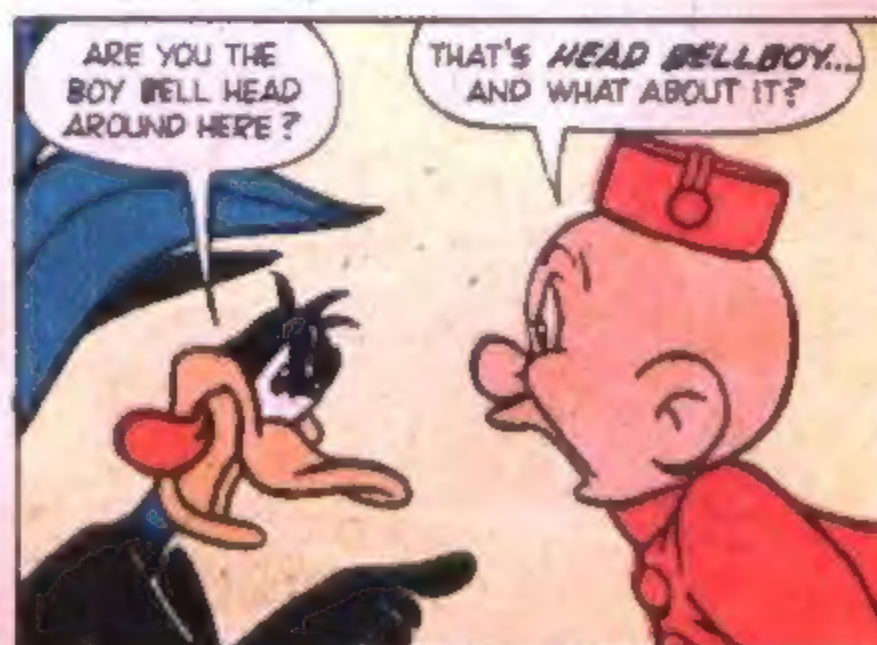
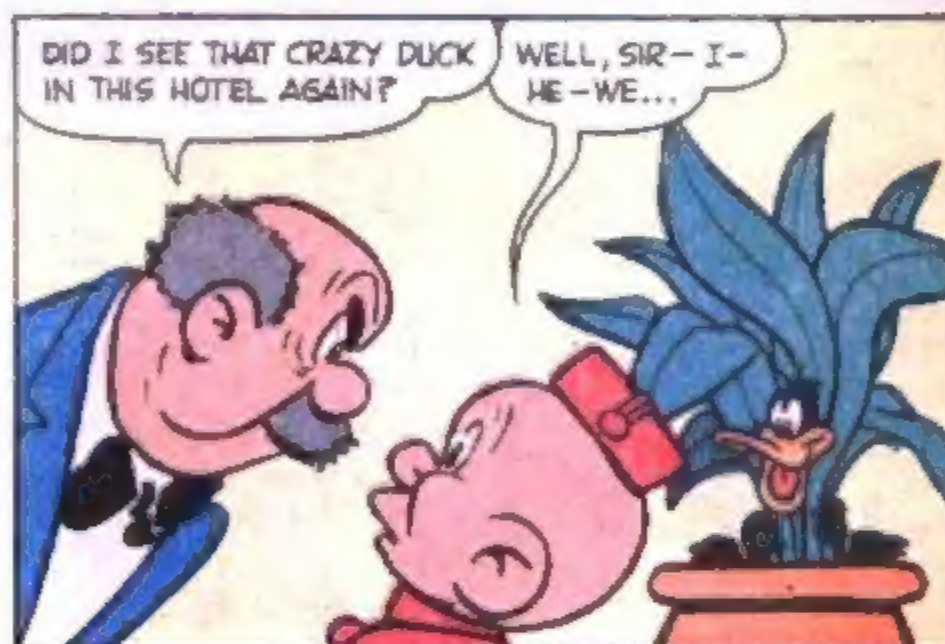
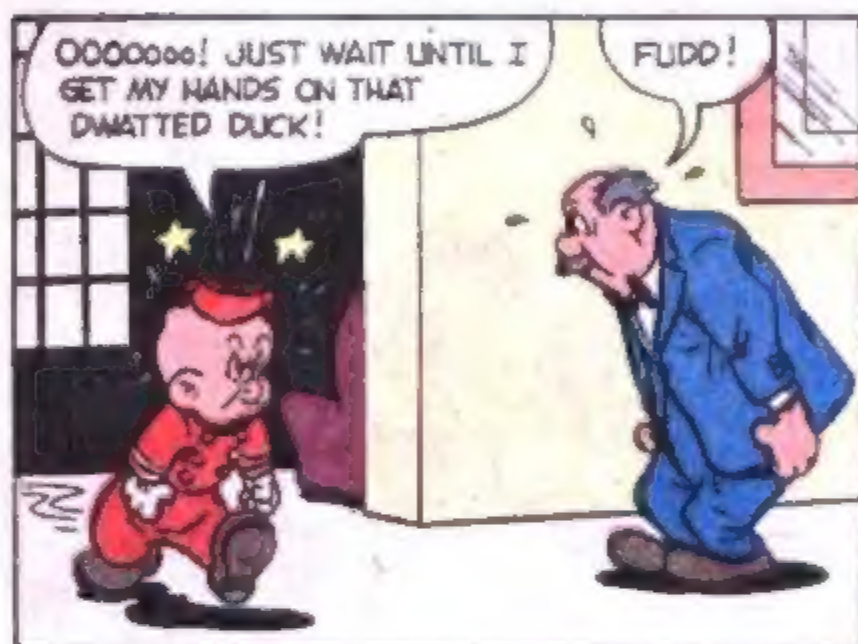
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

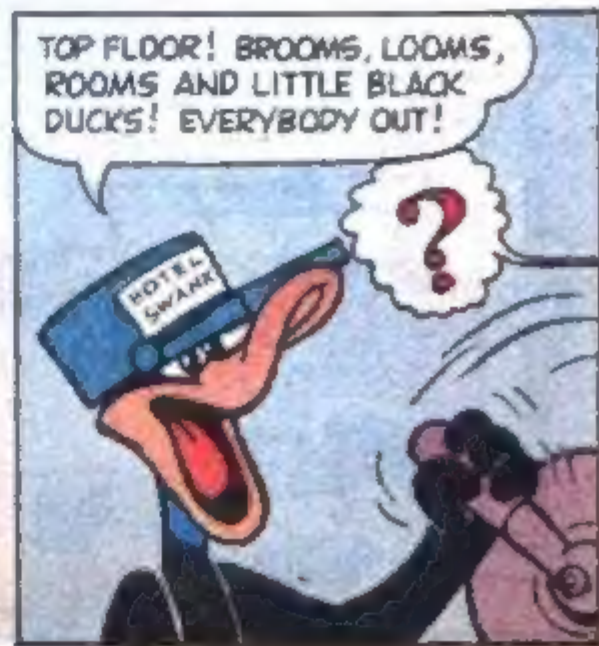


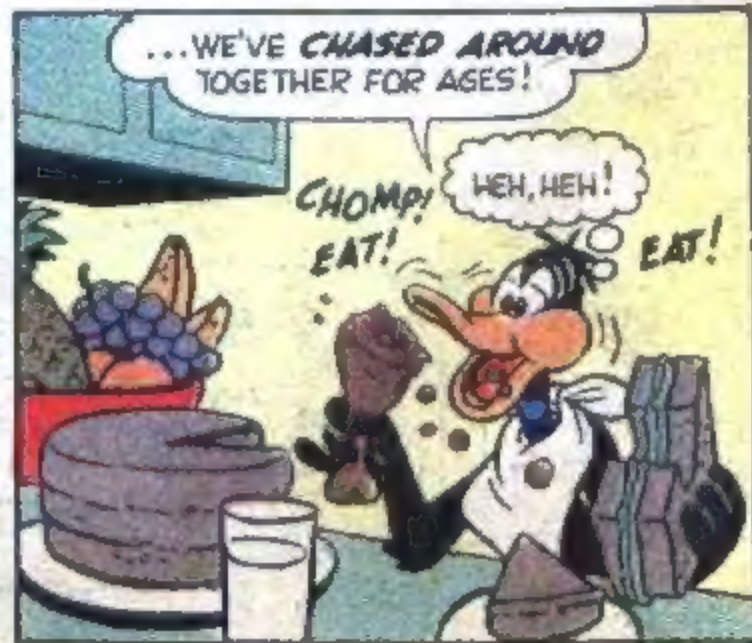
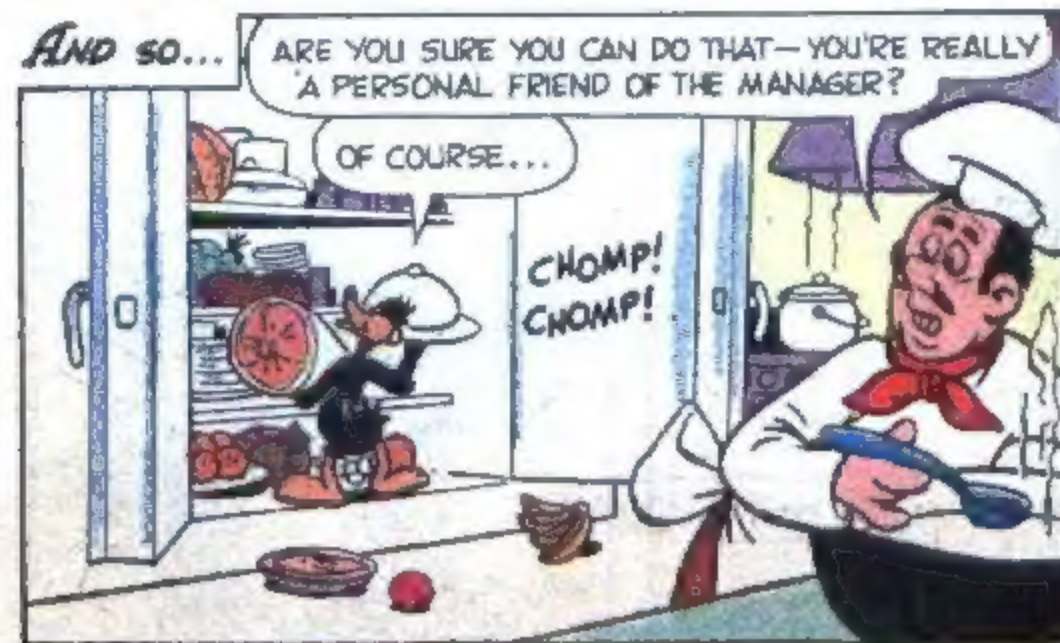
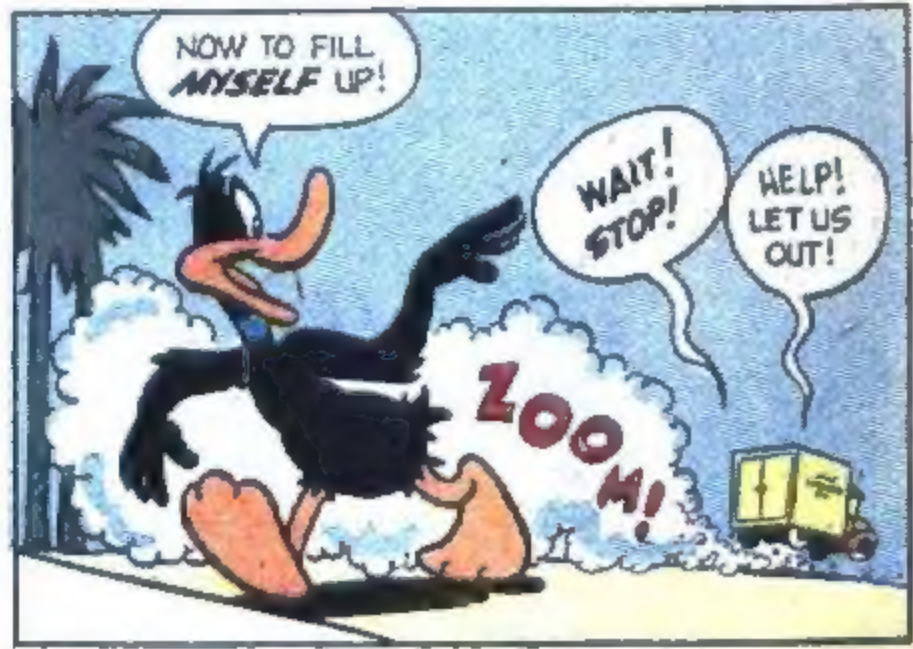
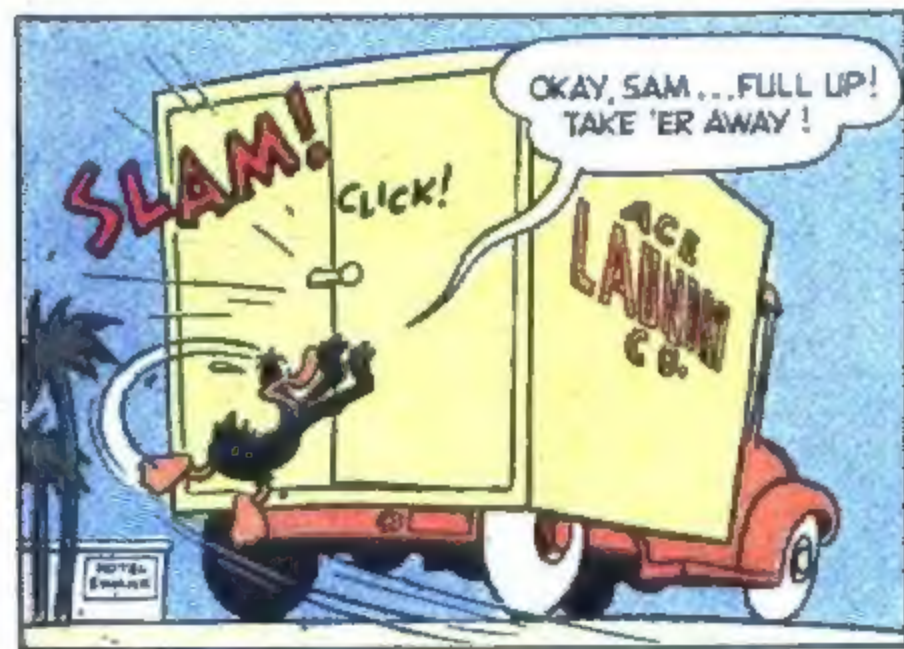
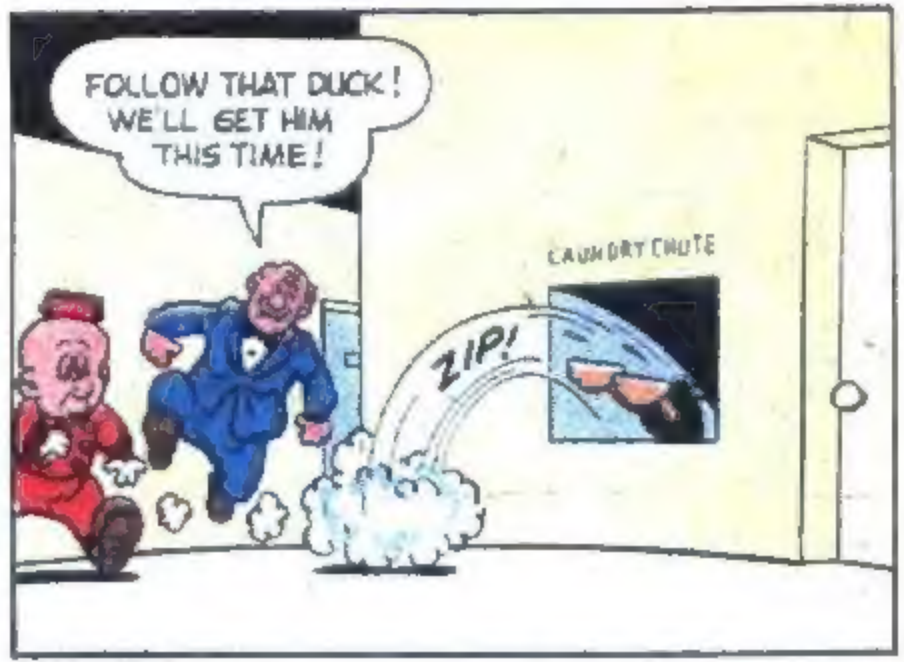


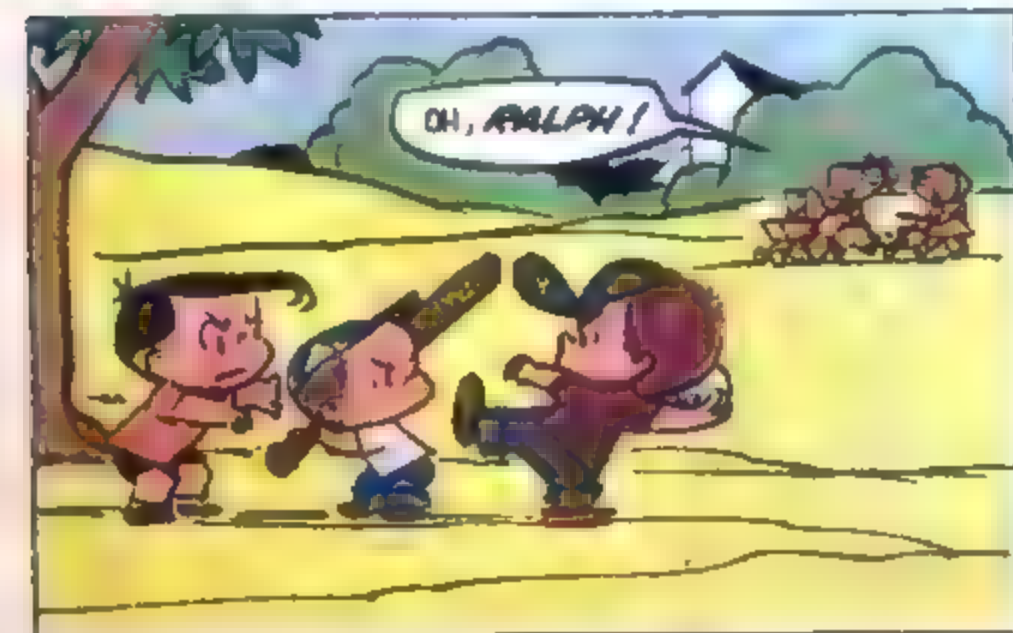
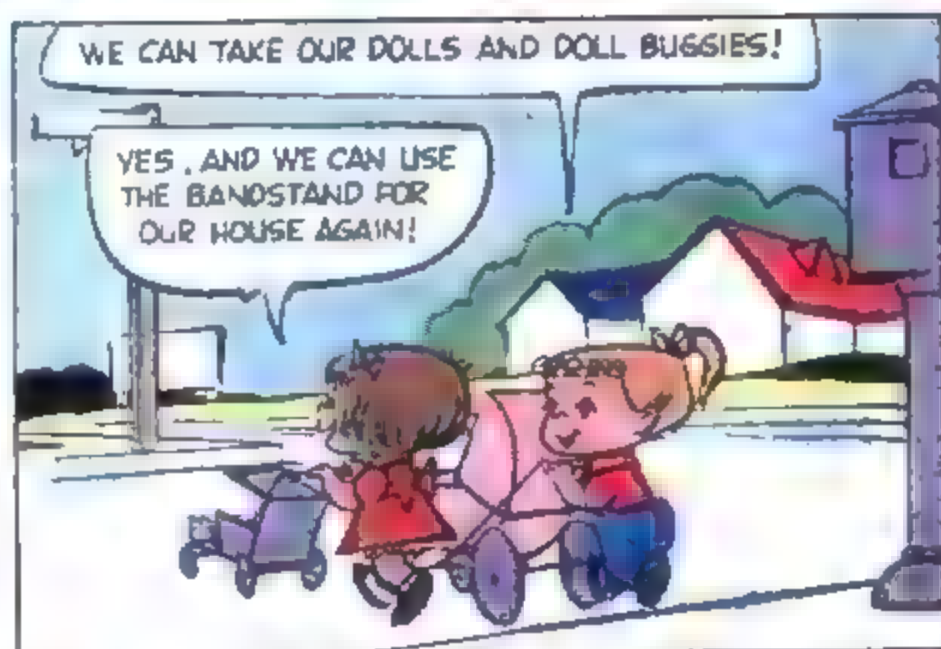
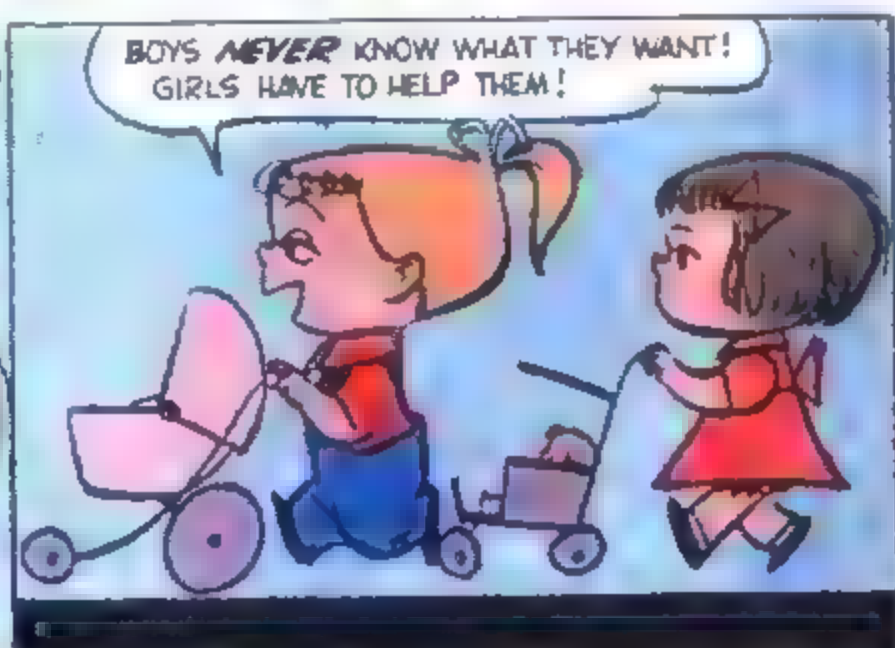
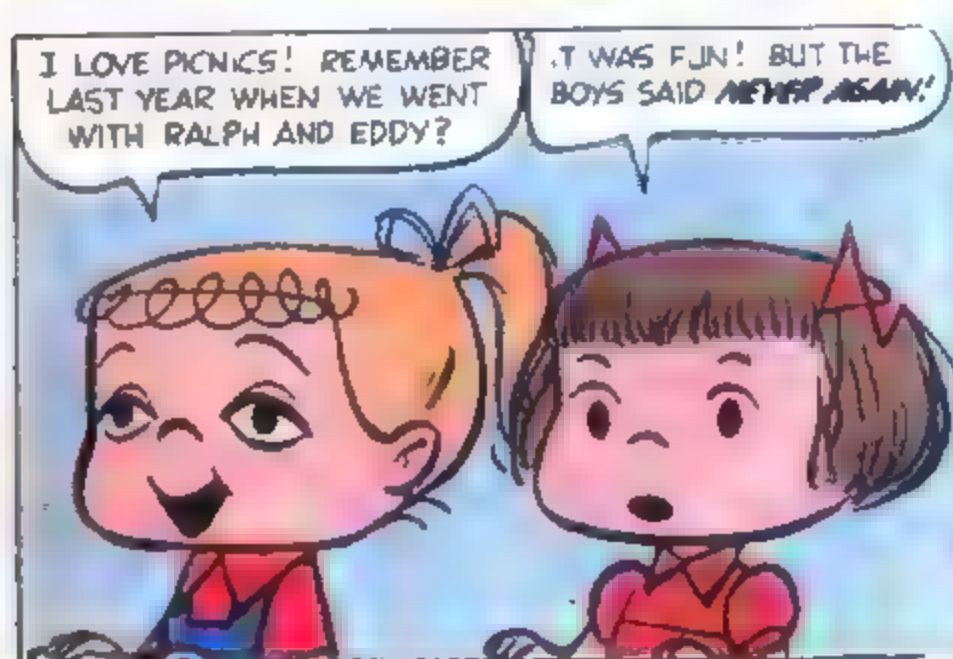
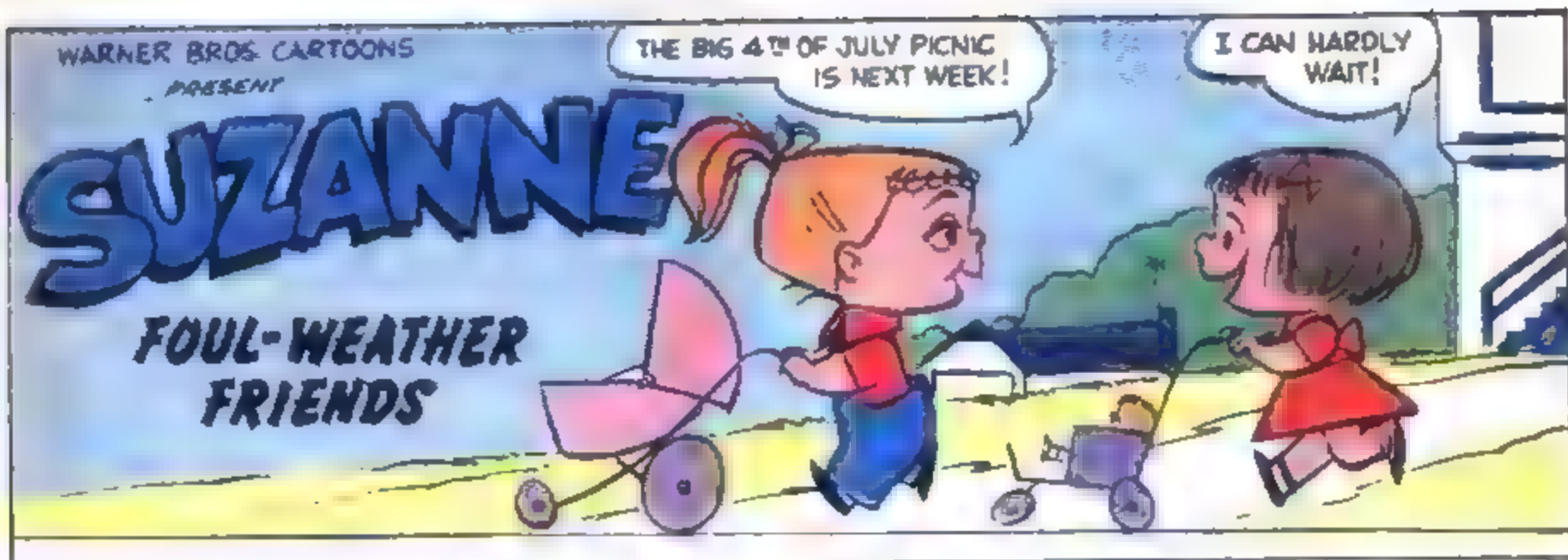


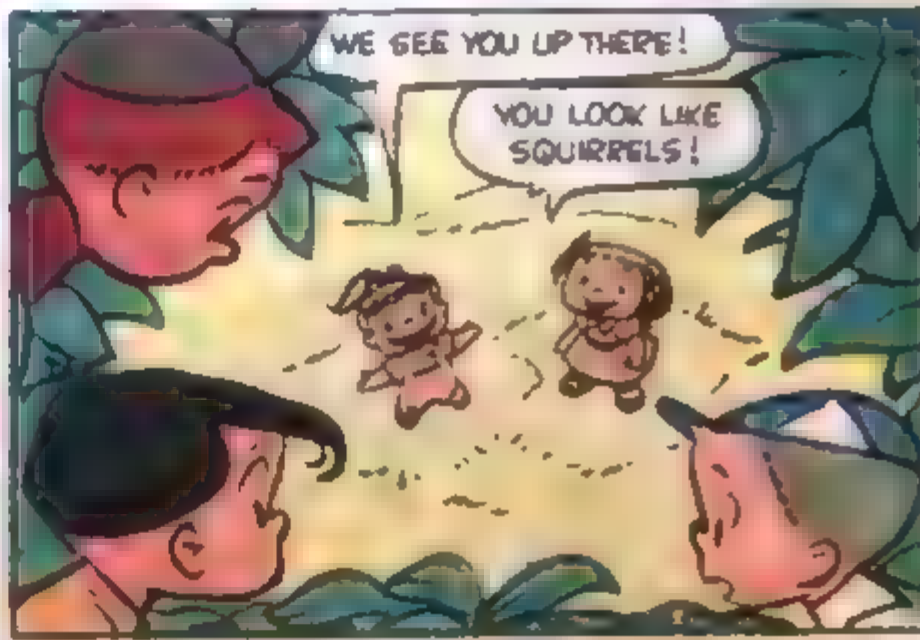
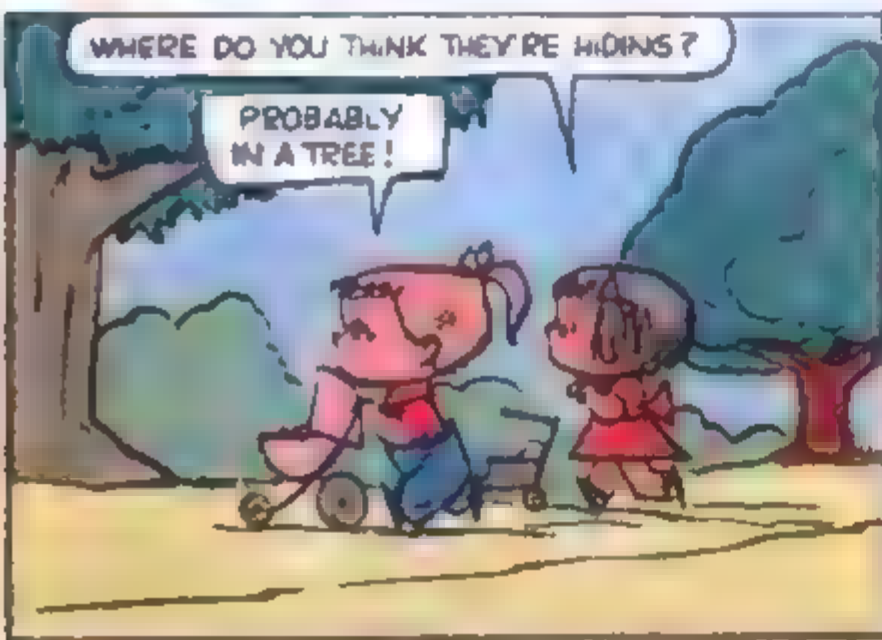
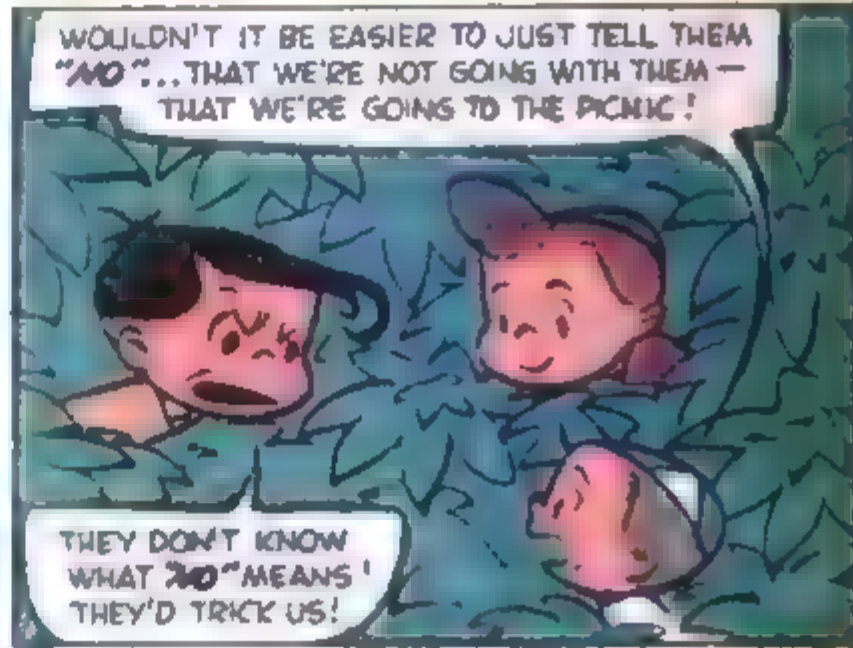
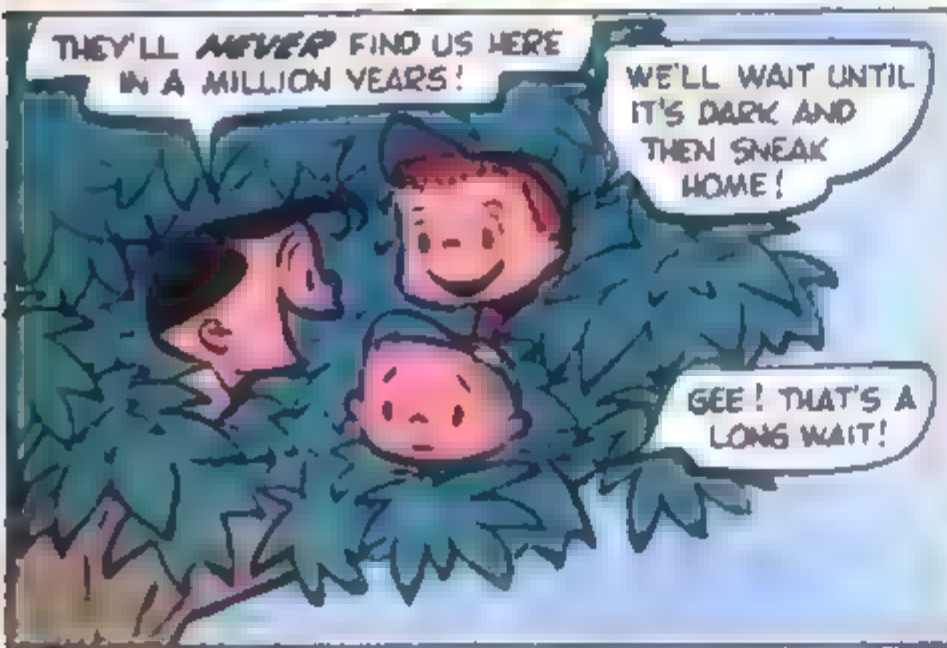
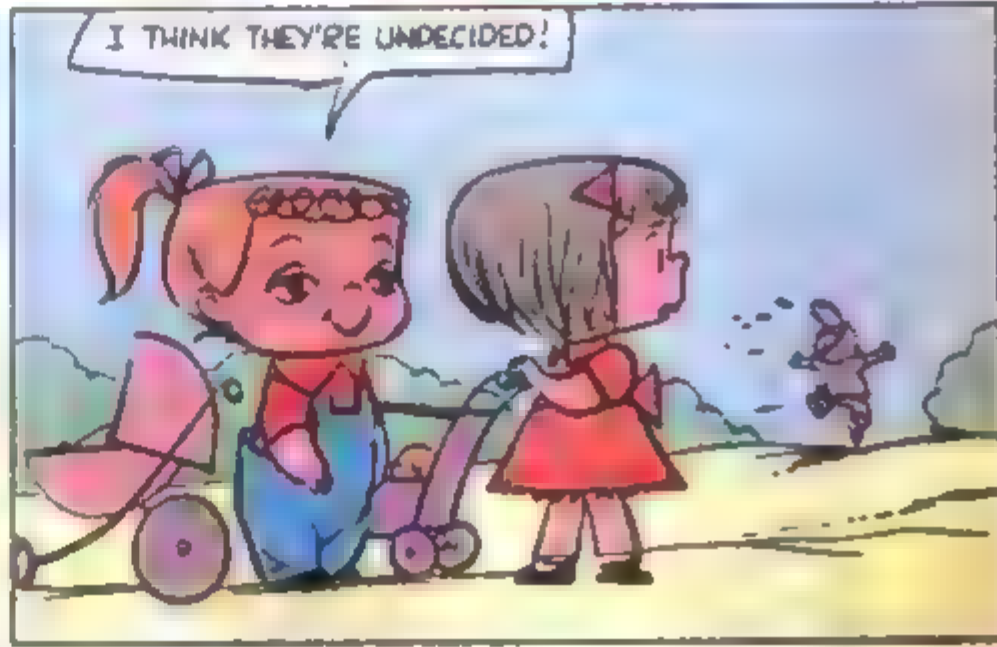
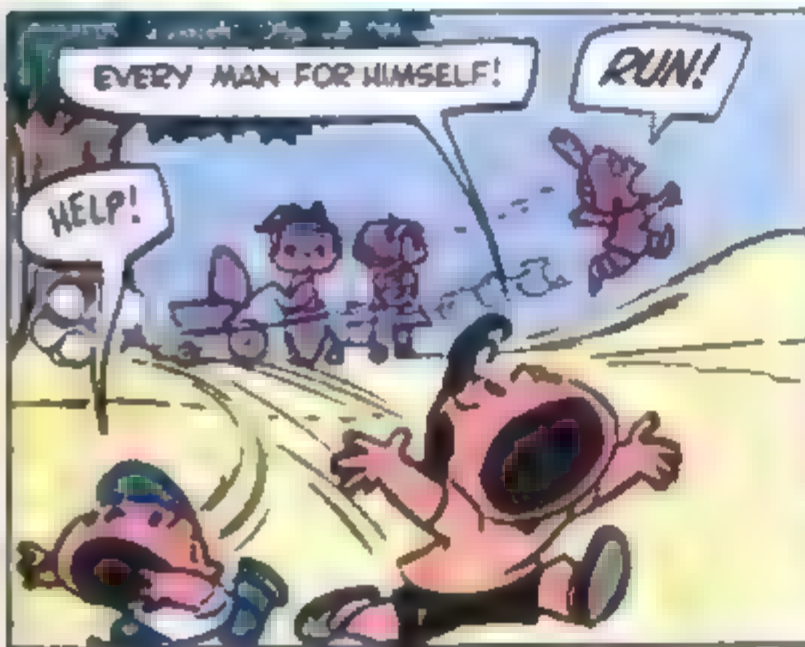
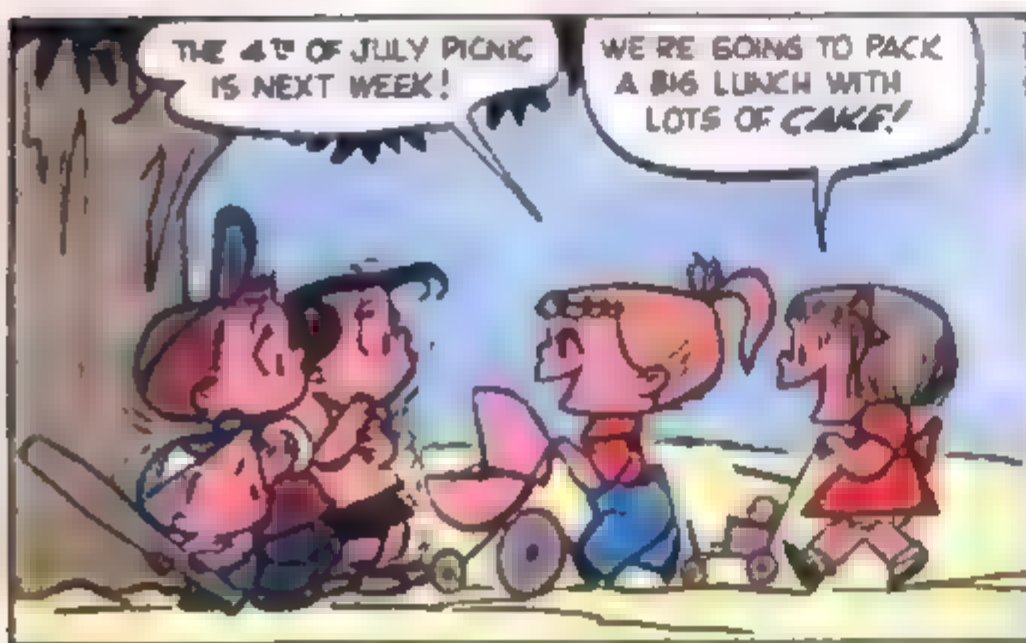


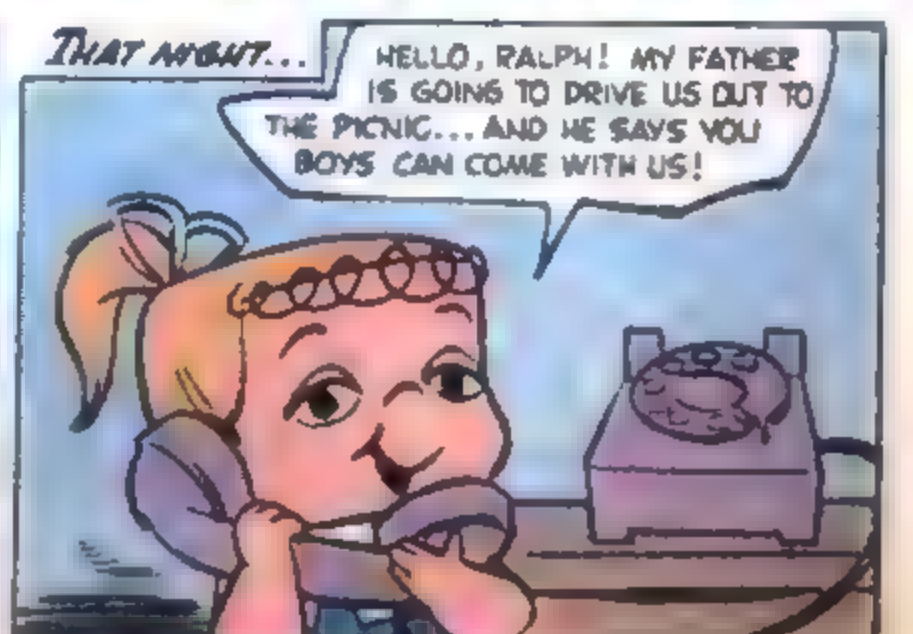
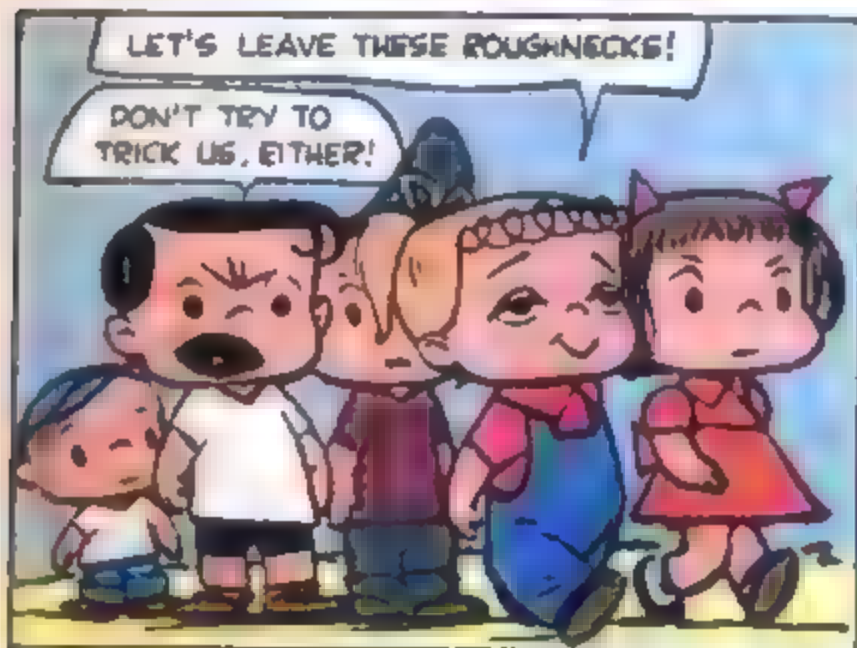
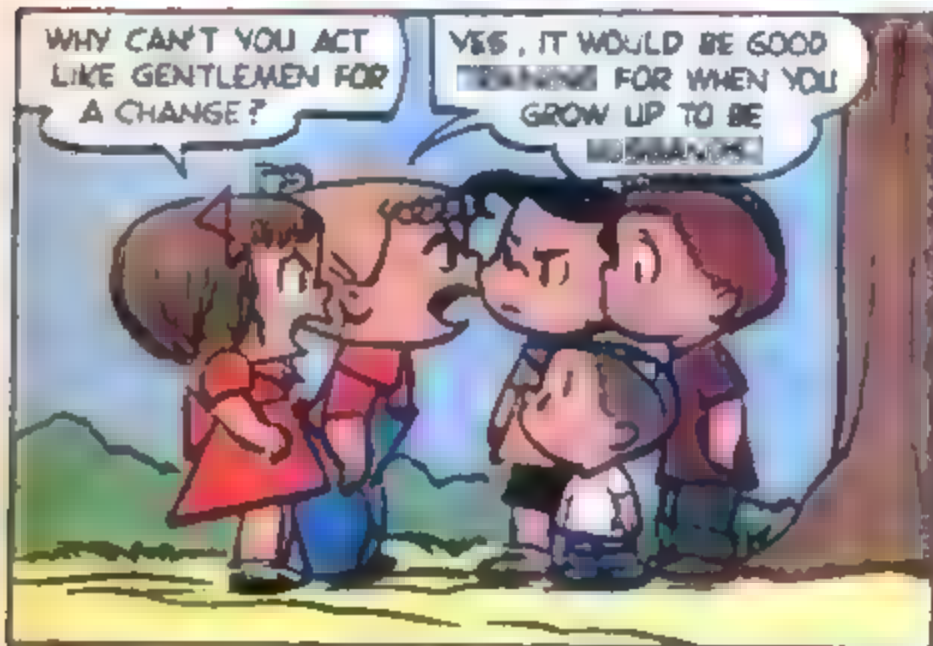
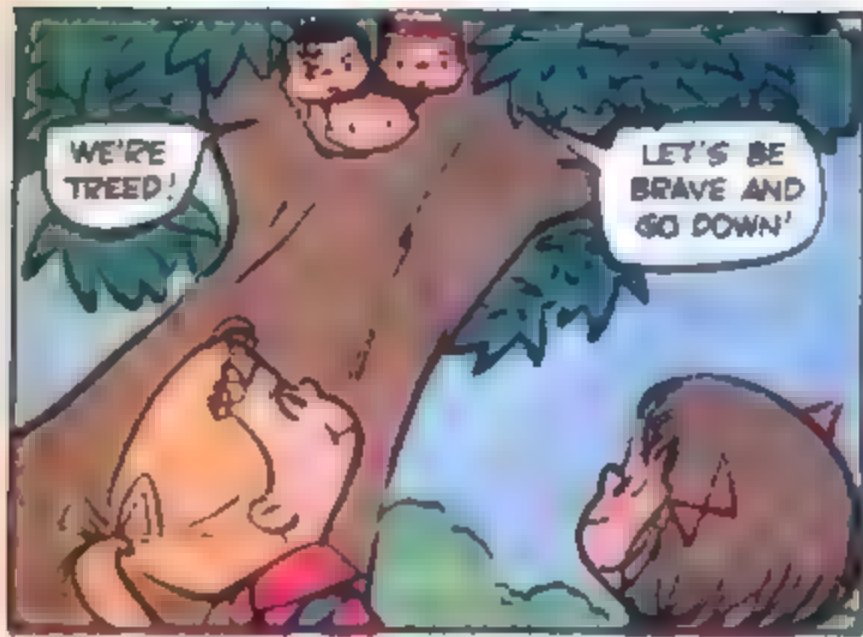


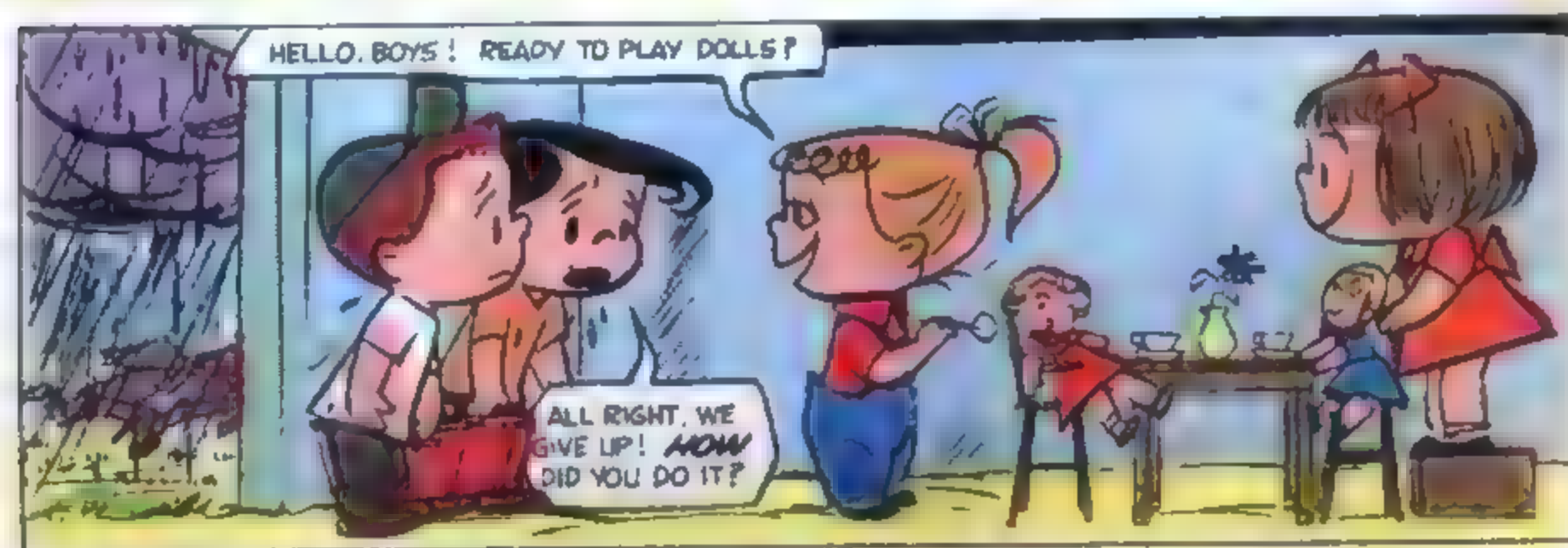
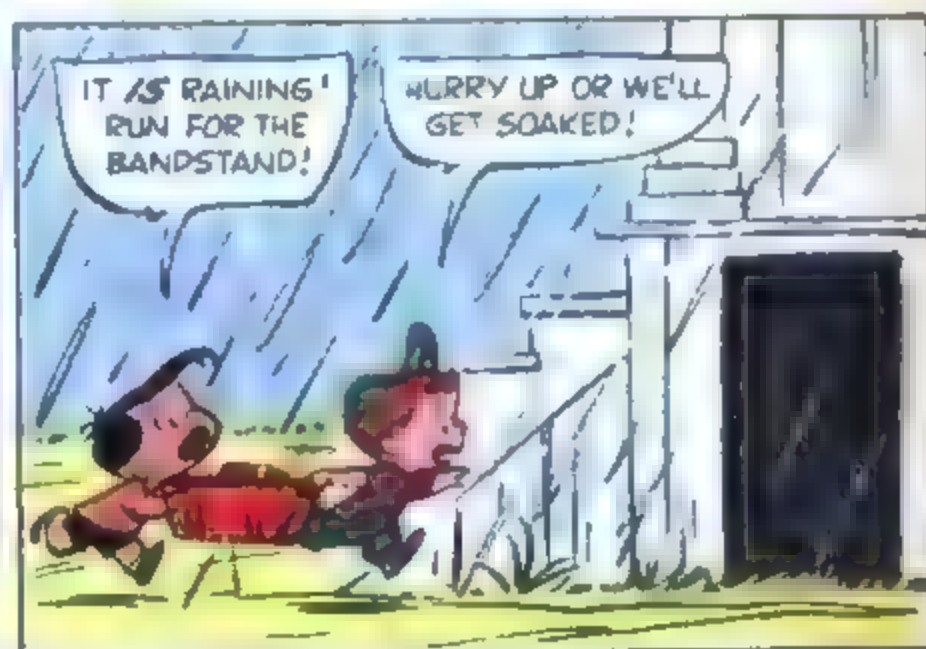
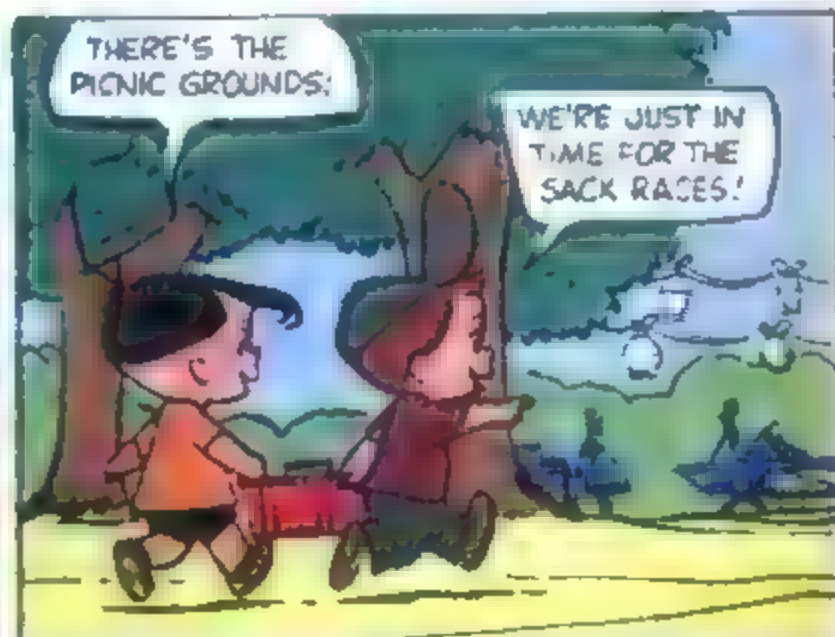
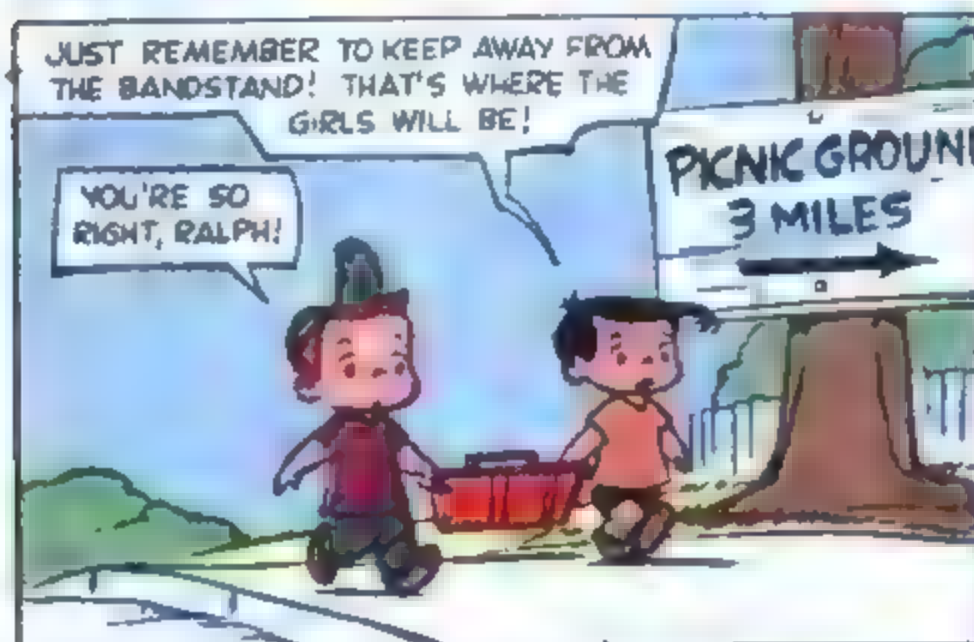
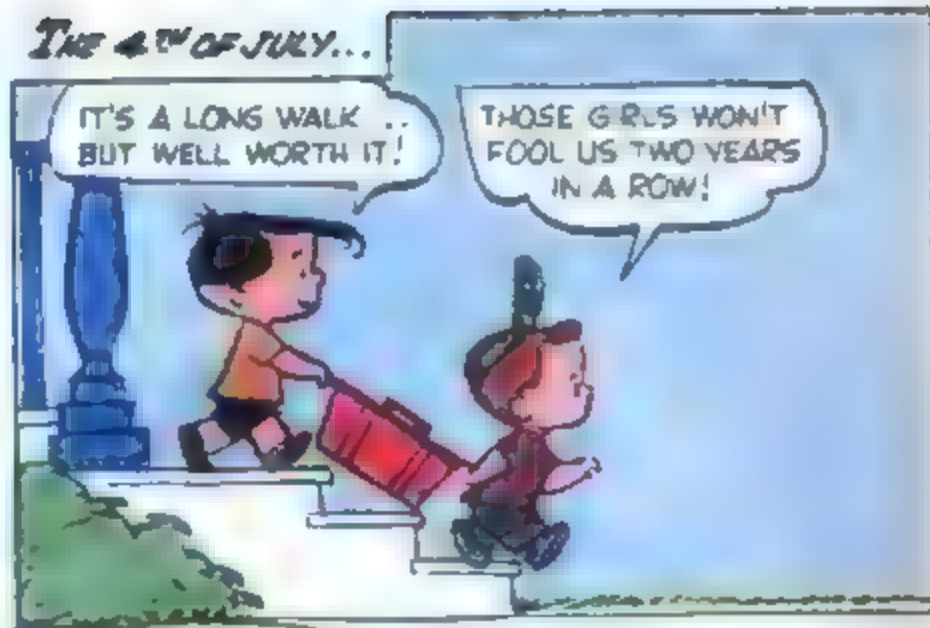
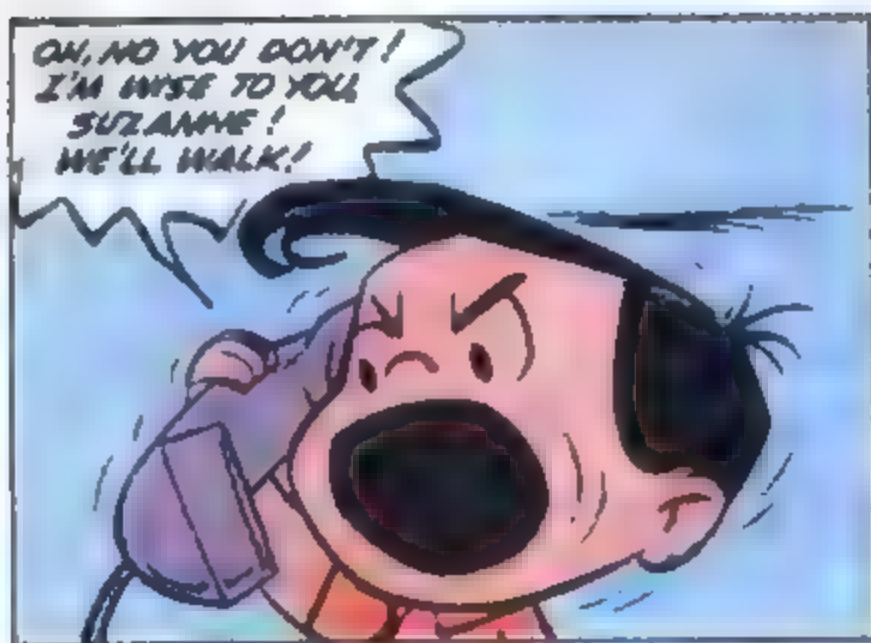




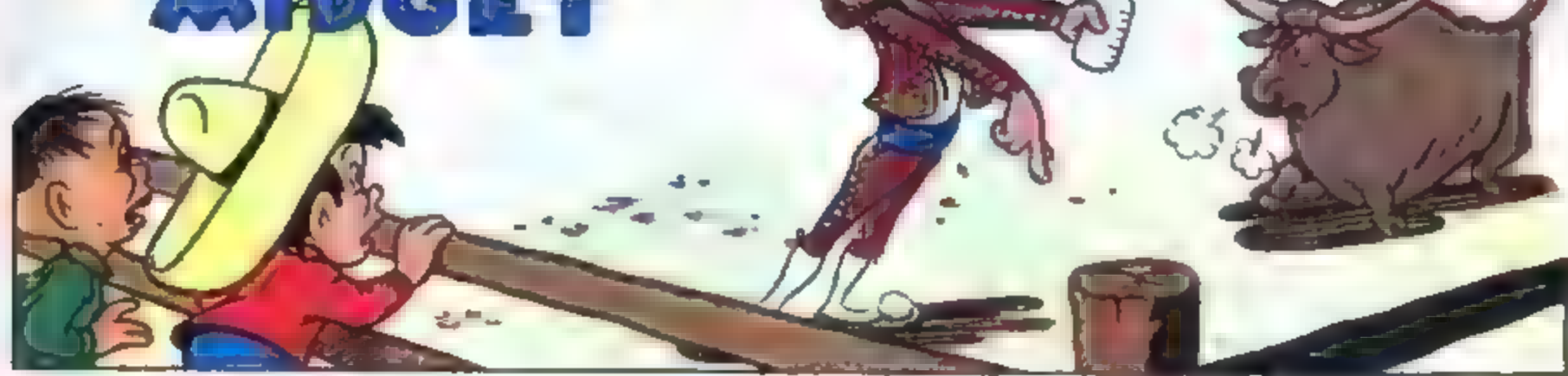








The MIGHTY MIDGET



"Poor Papacito," Pancho Vanilla sighed to his friend, Ramon, as they watched the unloading of the Rich Ranchero's new bull. "He ees so ashamed to fight a baby bool!" Pancho shook his head sadly.

"But, leetle Pancho," Ramon said gently, "while your Papacito has fought many a wild and terrible bool, is it not true that he shakes in hees boots with fear? It seem to me he would welcome the chance to fight a leetle bool for a changel!"

"No," Pancho murmured unhappily. "Only last night he told Mamacito and me that he fears he ees being punished with thees terrible insult."

Ramon nodded. "I must agree that that ees surely the world's smallest bool!"

Just then, the little bull rose on its hind legs and let out a frightening snort.

"Stand back, amigos," the Rich Ranchero shouted, as he raced towards the bull pen. "The Mighty Midget ees the wildest bool of them all!" He beamed with pride as he watched the powerful animal.

Pancho and Ramon exchanged glances. "But he ees so small!" Pancho gasped.

The Rich Ranchero laughed heartily. "In size, yes. But in strength, he has the power of ten! I tell your Papacito only that he fights leetle bool. He weel be surprised, no?"

Pancho gulped. "This I can guarantee!" He pulled on Ramon's sleeve. "Queeck, Ramon! We must hurry to Papacito and tell him of the Mighty Midget!"

"There is no time," Ramon whispered. "Here comes your Papacito, now!"

"What is eet that he carries?" Pancho asked in amazement. "If I am to believe my eyes, eet is a baby bottle!"

Papacito angrily climbed over the fence into the bull pen without so much as a look at his audience. "Eef I must tend a babee," he groaned, "I weel at least show the Reech Ranchero I know what I do!" He snapped his fingers at the bull. "Come here!" he ordered. "You must eat, and Papacito weel feed you!"

The Mighty Midget threw back his head and snorted. "Be careful, Papacito," the Rich Ranchero shouted. "Thees bool has never had a master!"

"Then eet ees time," Papacito said firmly. "Ihat he finds one." He strode over to the bull and jammed the bottle of milk into its mouth. "Eat!" he commanded.

With a great roar of rage, the bull lowered his head menacingly.

"He weel keel heem!" Pancho screamed.

But Papacito gave the bull a little shove. "Oomph," he grunted, "you are a heavy one. But you must obey or take ze consequences." He raised his hand and gave the bull a mighty whack.

The Rich Ranchero jumped up and down with excitement. "Bravo, Papacito! You have conquered the Mighty Midget! What courage! What bravery!"

Papacito wheeled in his tracks. "Thees ees the Mighty Midget?" he gasped. He shot the bull a wild look of terror. "Some babee," Papacito exclaimed, shaking in his boots. "Let me out of here!"

With an unexpected assist from the Mighty Midget's horns, Papacito landed with a thud at the Rich Ranchero's feet.

"Are you hurt?" Pancho cried out.

Papacito rose painfully. "Let us say," he murmured, "at this point, I'm in no condition to be a babee sitter!"

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

Daffy

and
**the INCREDIBLE
CAMPERS**

LET'S SEE IF I HAVE
THIS STRAIGHT—YOU'RE
GOING CAMPING OVER-
NIGHT IN THE WOODS...
RIGHT?

WIGHT!

AND YOU WANT TO
GO *ALONE*...RIGHT?

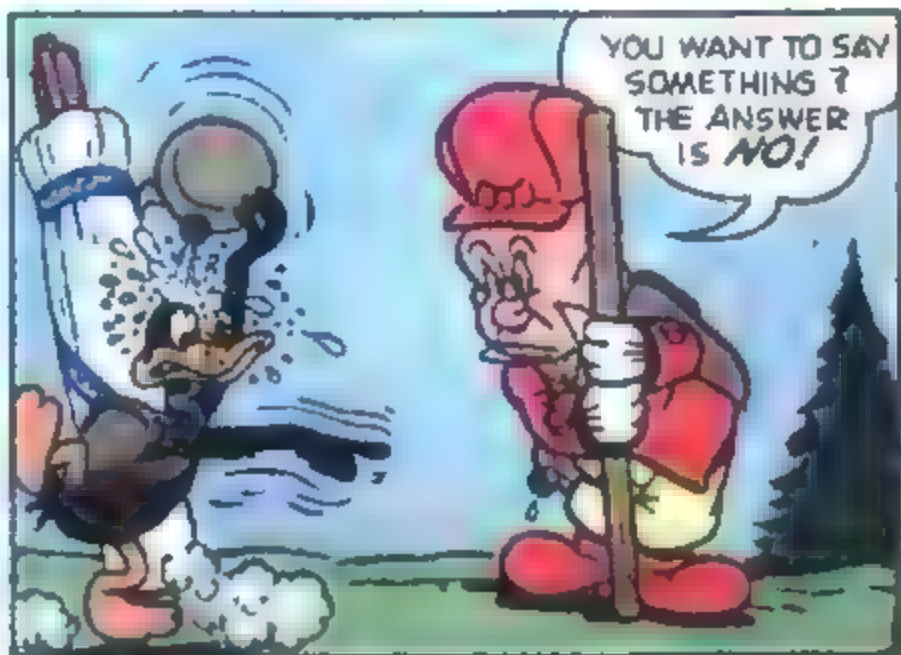
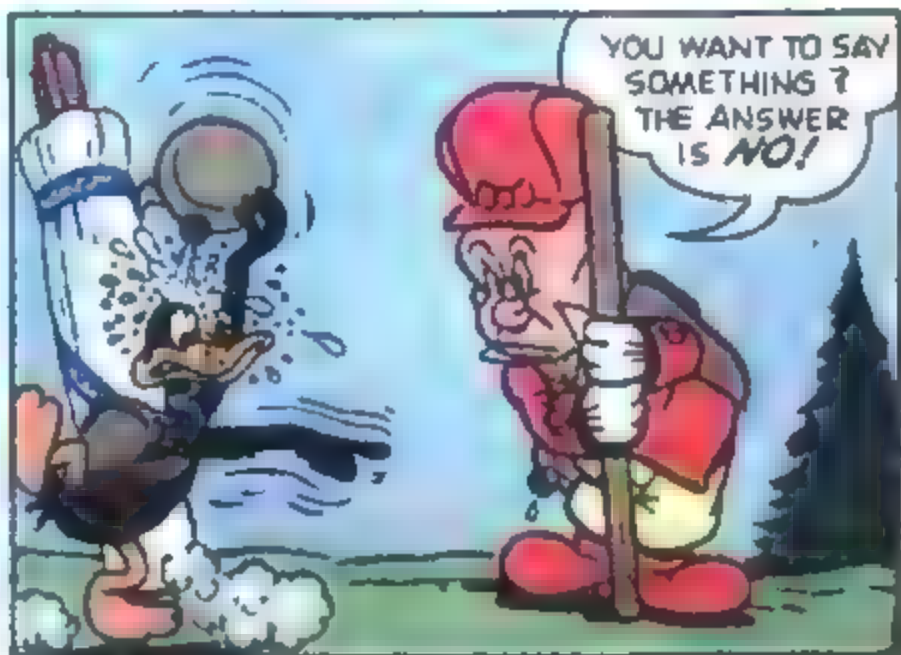
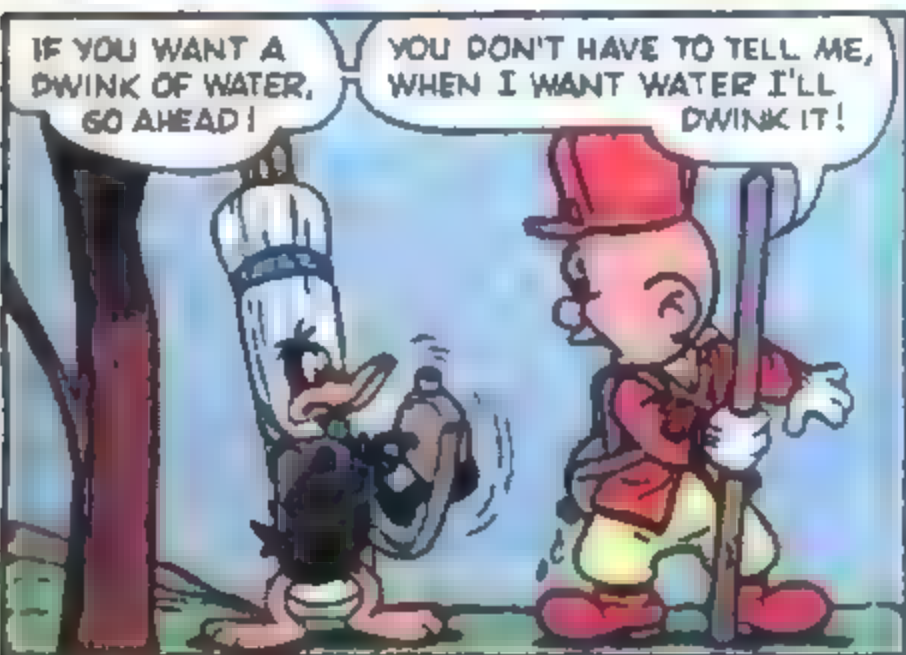
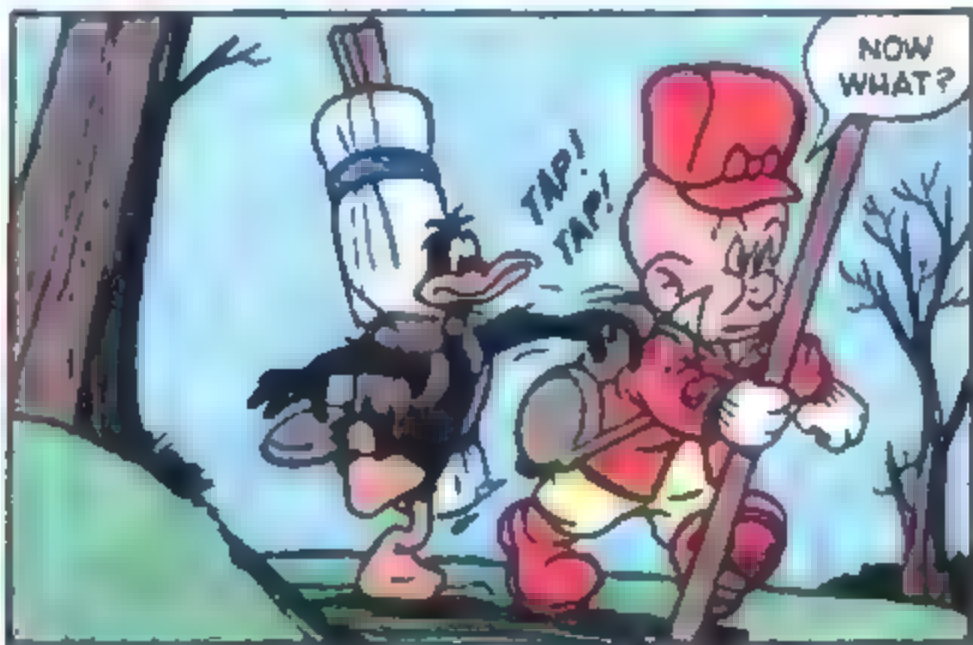
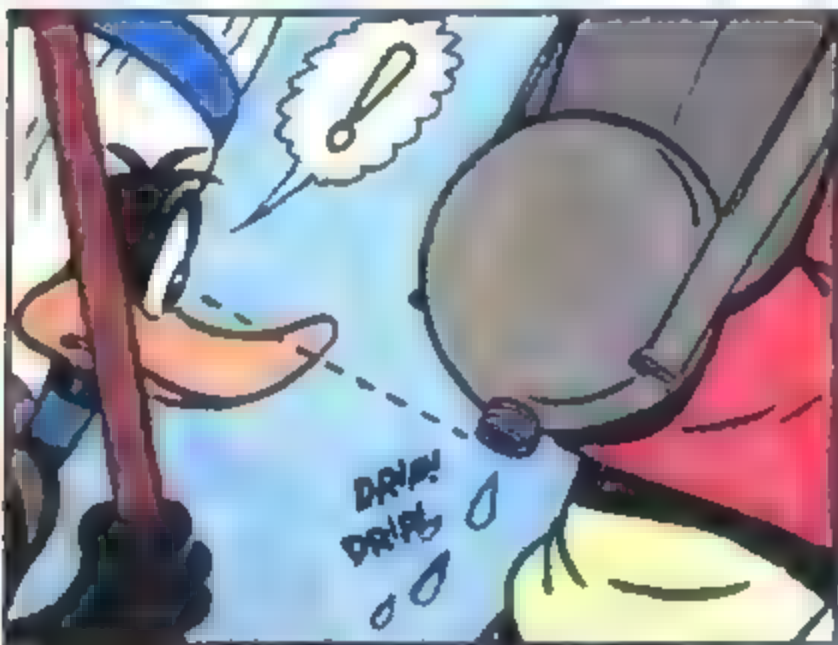
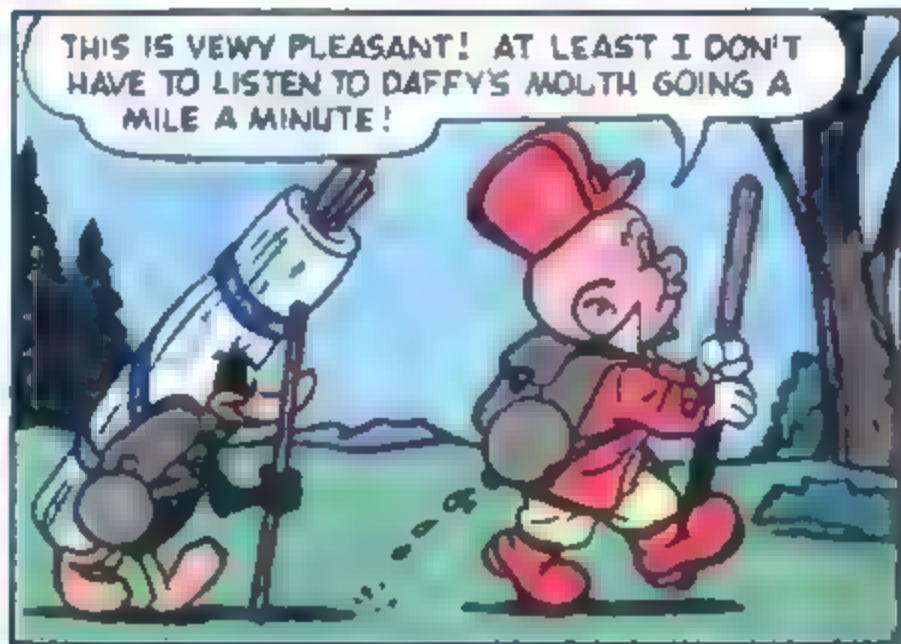
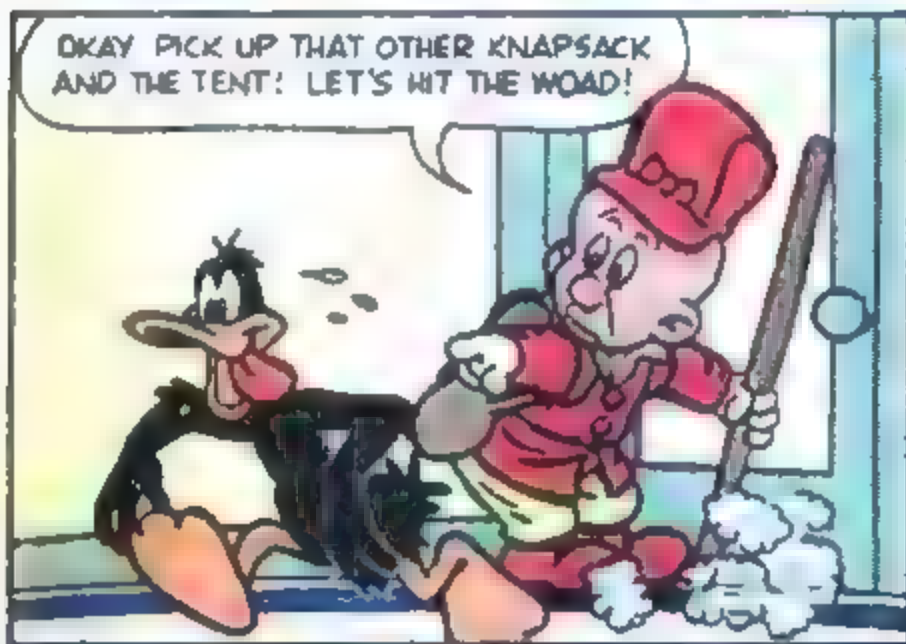
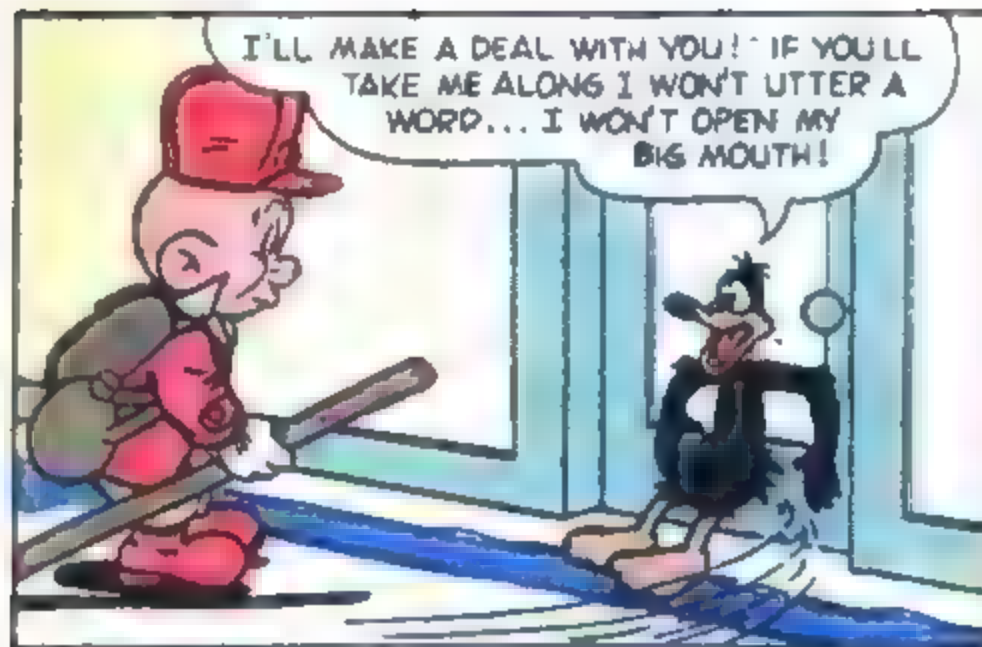
WIGHT!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU DON'T
WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU...
RIGHT?

WIGHT!

DEAR CHUM AND
NEIGHBOR, *WHY*
DON'T YOU WANT
ME TO GO WITH
YOU?

BECAUSE YOU HAVE A BIG MOUTH!
YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING, AND
YOUR YAKING CAN ONLY GET ME
INTO TROUBLE!





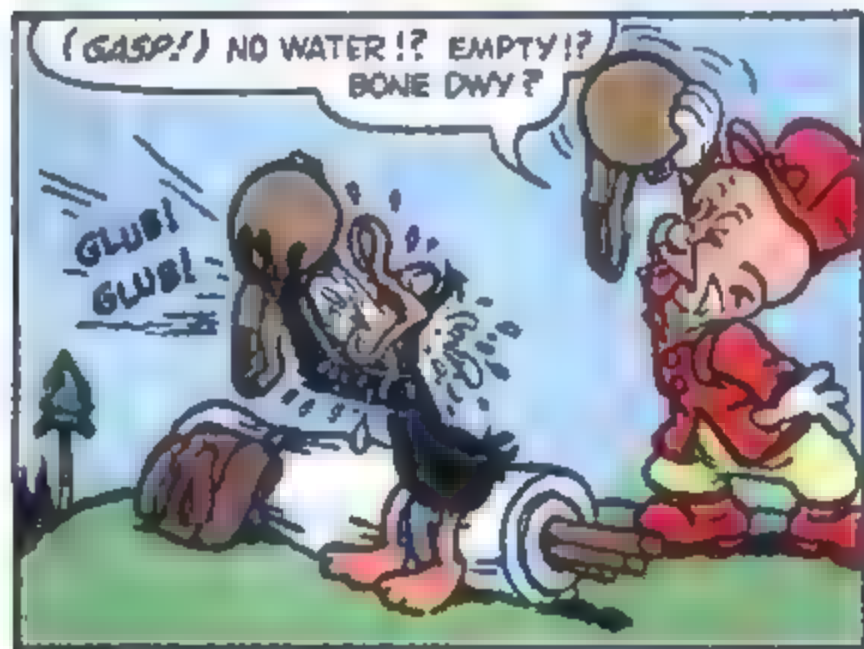
THAT PROVES MY POINT! YOU HAVE NOTHING IMPORTANT TO SAY SO IT'S BETTER YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

DRIPI!



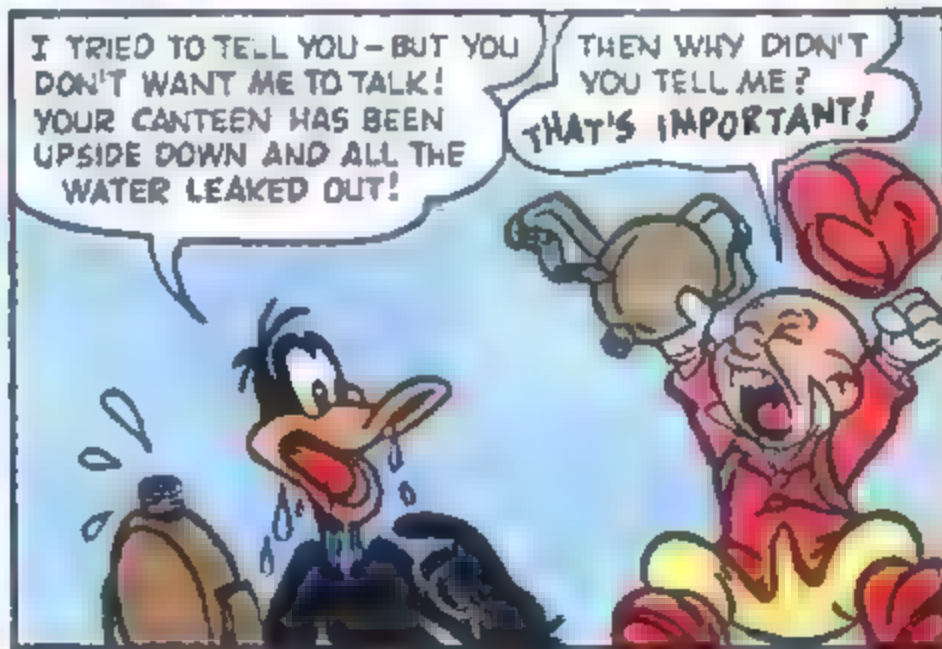
SHORTLY...

BOY! THIS IS HOT WORK! IT'S TIME WE STOPPED AND HAD A DWINK OF WATER!



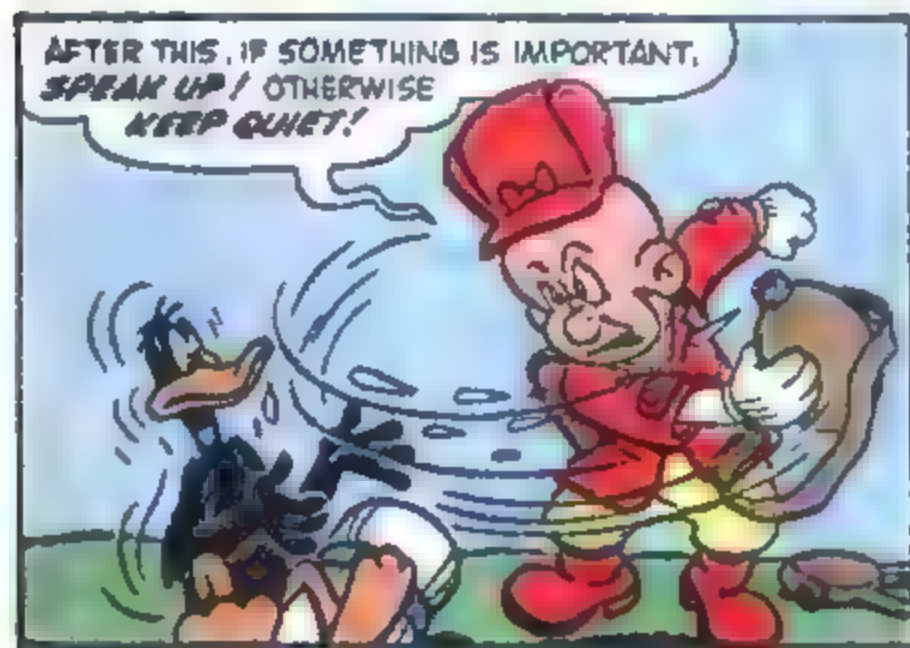
(GASP!) NO WATER!? EMPTY!? BONE DRY?

GLUB!
GLUB!



I TRIED TO TELL YOU - BUT YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TALK! YOUR CANTEN HAS BEEN UPSIDE DOWN AND ALL THE WATER LEAKED OUT!

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
THAT'S IMPORTANT!



AFTER THIS, IF SOMETHING IS IMPORTANT, SPEAK UP! OTHERWISE KEEP QUIET!

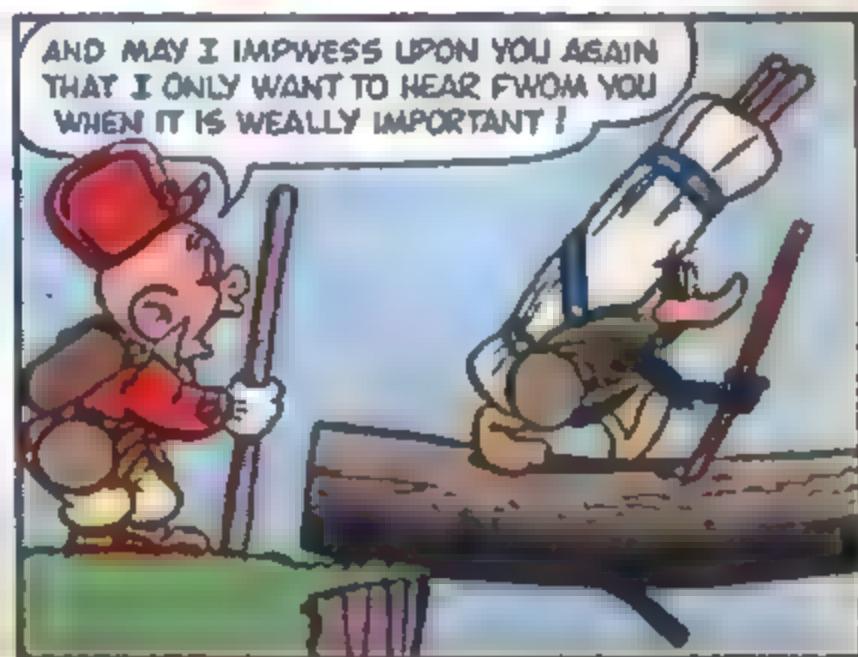


LET'S KEEP GOING! I WANT TO FIND A GOOD PLACE TO CAMP BEFORE DARK! YOU LEAD, I'LL FOLLOW!

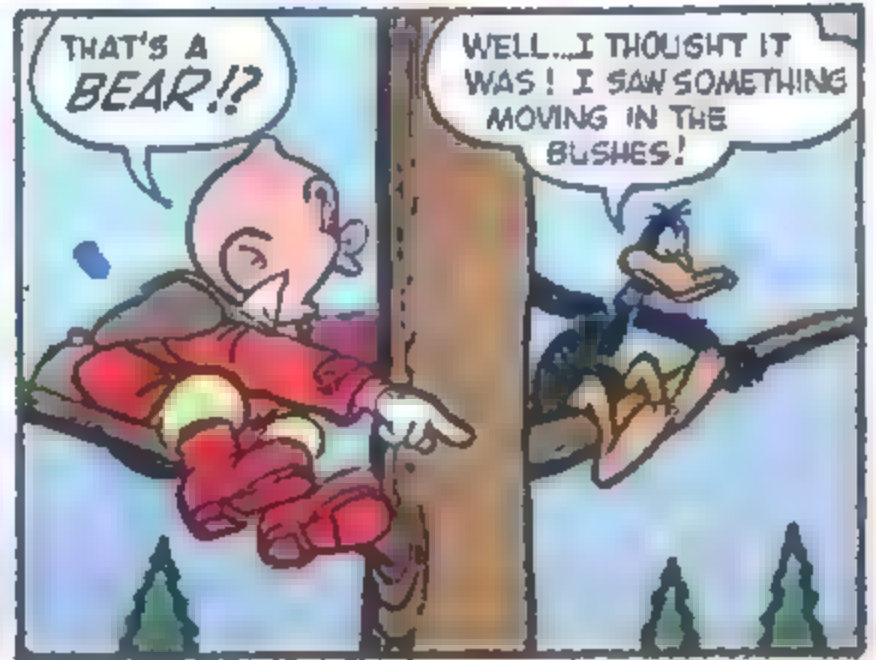
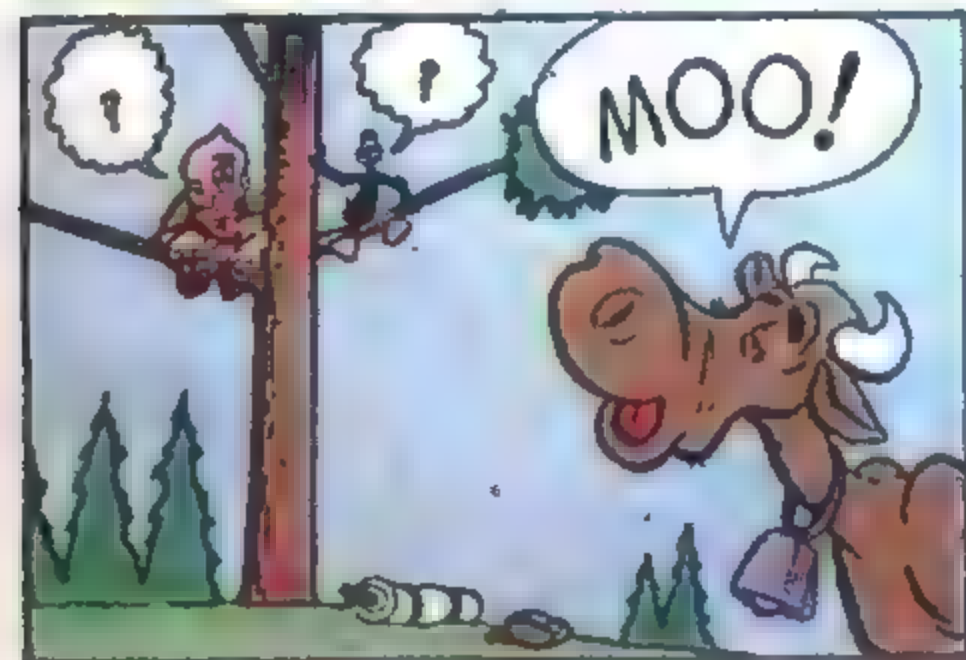
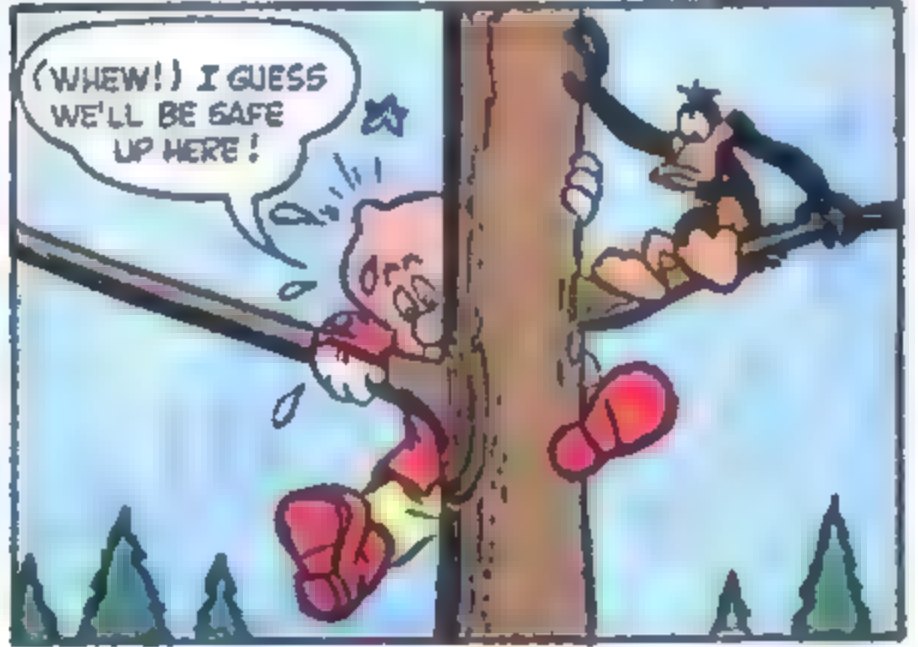
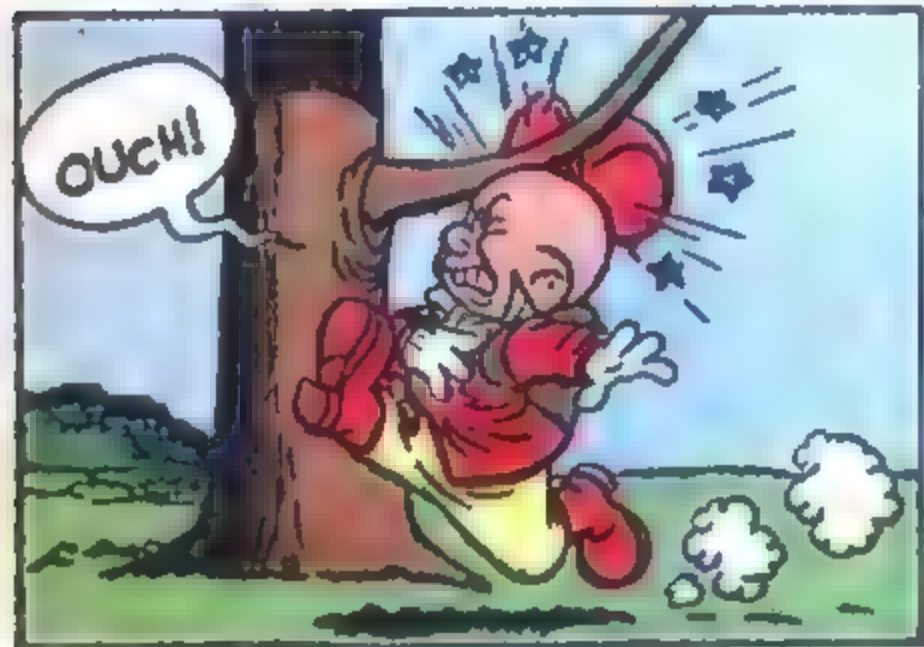
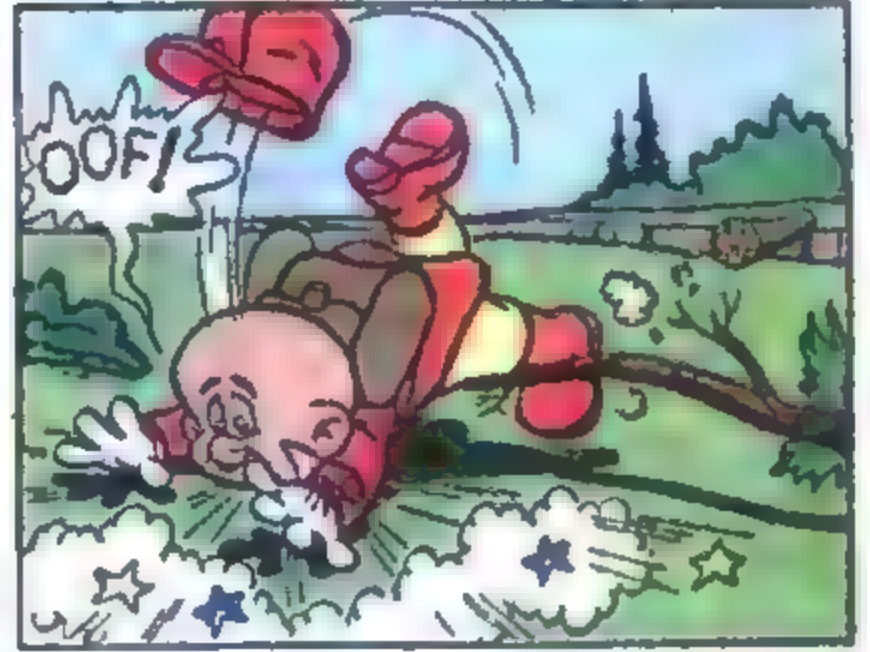
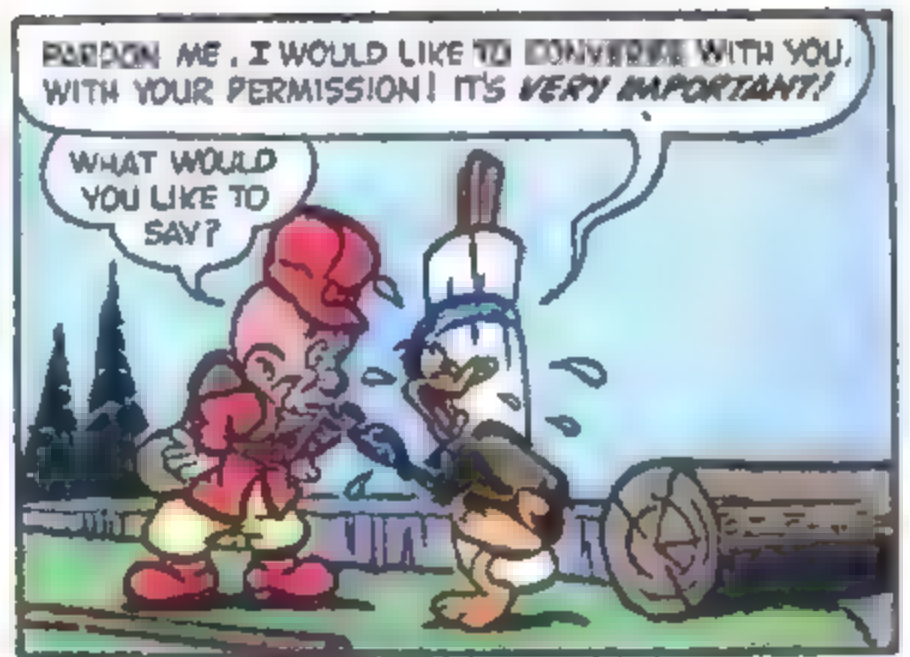
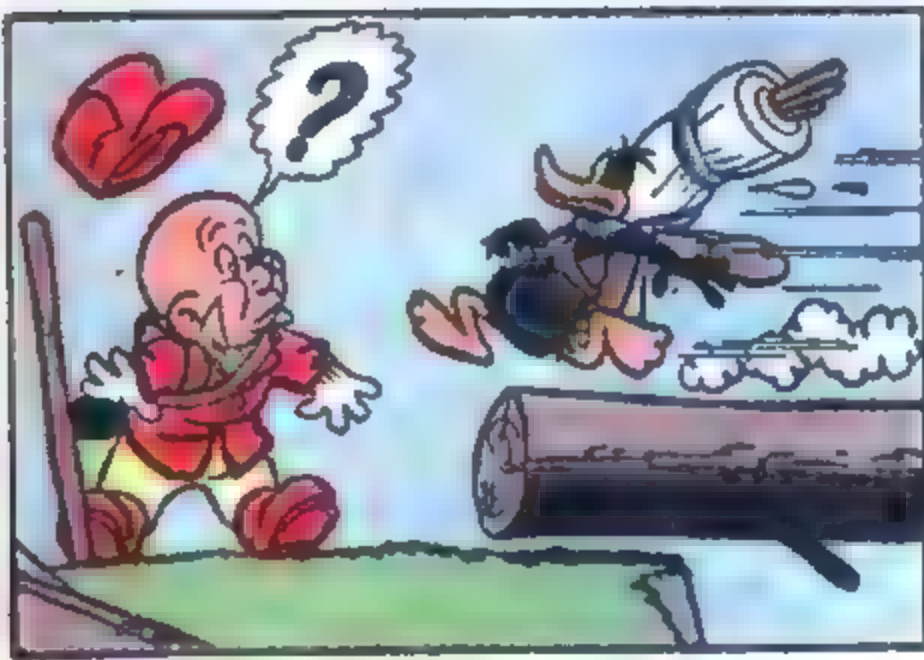
GLUB!
GLUB!



WE BETTER CROSS THIS LOG ONE AT A TIME! YOU GO FIRST!



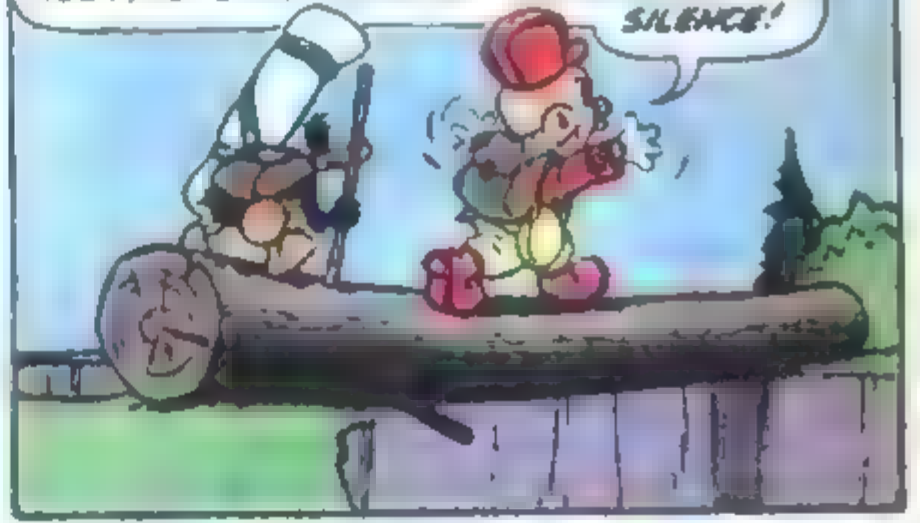
AND MAY I IMPRESS UPON YOU AGAIN THAT I ONLY WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU WHEN IT IS WEALLY IMPORTANT!



YOU SEE...IT'S JUST LIKE I SAID—YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND I'M IN TROUBLE! YOU THINK A COW IS A BEAR, SO I SKIN BOTH KNEES AND GET A BUMP ON MY HEAD!

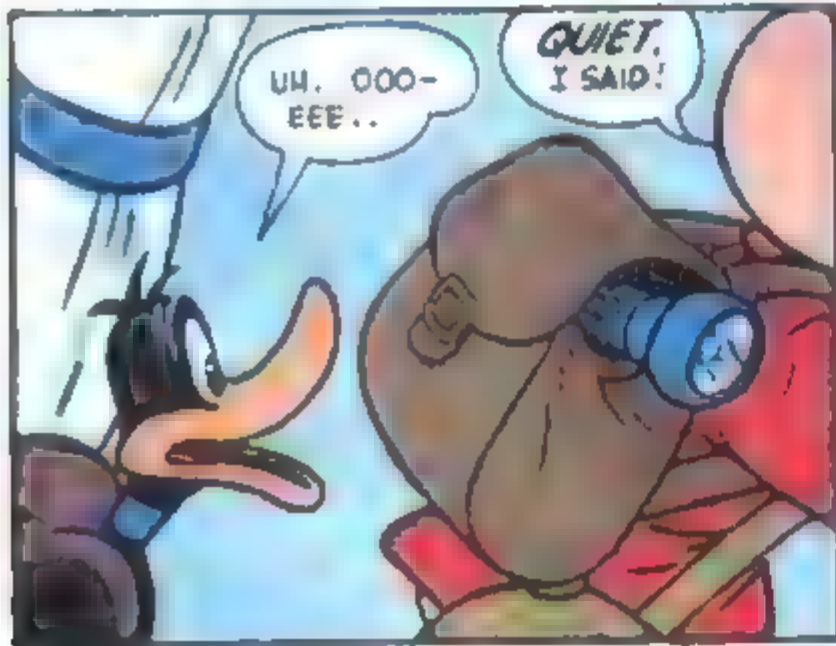


SO WE GO BACK TO THE ORIGINAL DEAL... **DON'T TALK!** I DON'T WANT TO HEAR A **PEEP** OUT OF YOU! NOT EVEN A MURMUR! NOTHING BUT **SILENCE!**

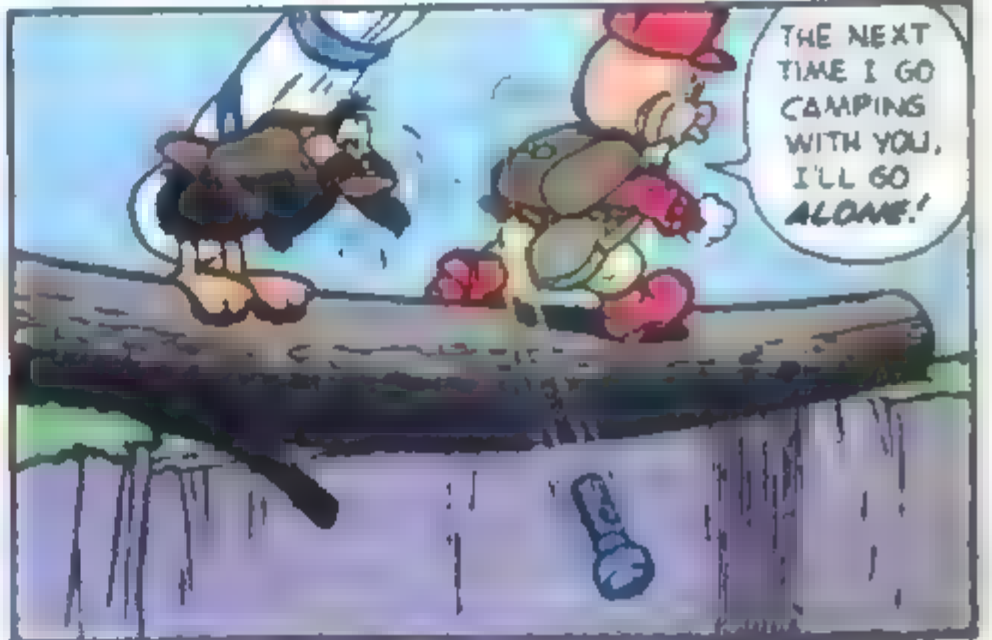


UH, OOO-
EEE...

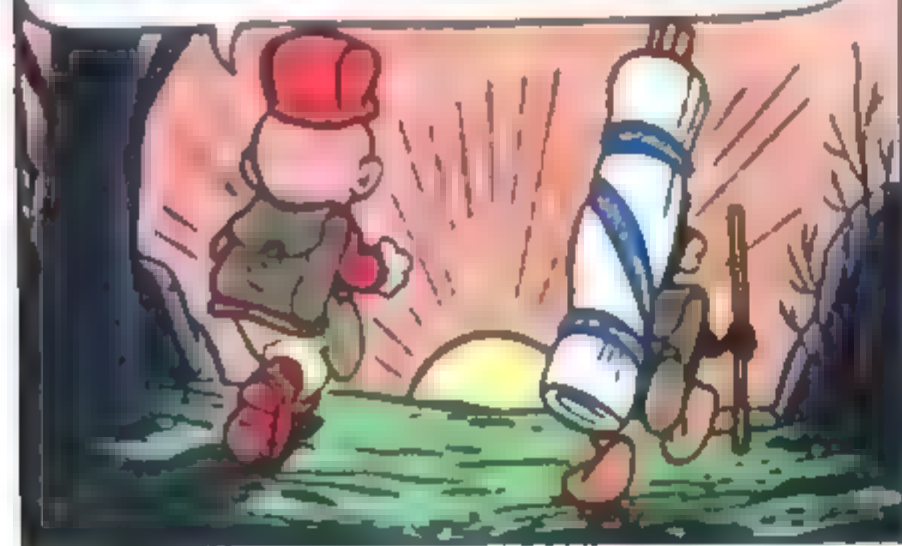
QUIET,
I SAID!



THE NEXT
TIME I GO
CAMPING
WITH YOU,
I'LL GO
ALONE!



THERE GOES THE SUN... IT WILL GET DARK IN A
HUUWWY NOW! WE BETTER FIND A PLACE TO CAMP!



WE BETTER CAMP HERE! MY,
IT'S SO DARK I CAN'T SEE A
THING! WHERE'S MY FLASHLIGHT?
I BOUGHT A FLASHLIGHT —
WHERE IS IT?

IT DROPPED OUT
OF YOUR KNAPSACK
WHEN WE CROSSED
THE LOG!



GOOD GWIEF!
WHY DIDN'T YOU
TELL ME?

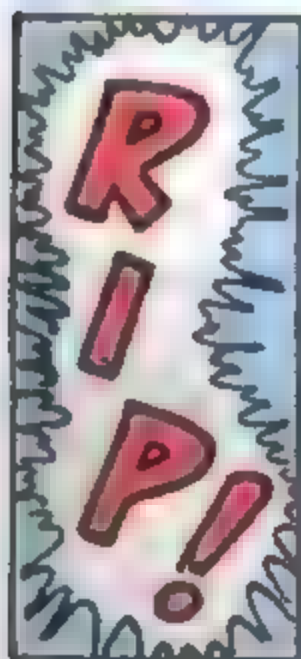
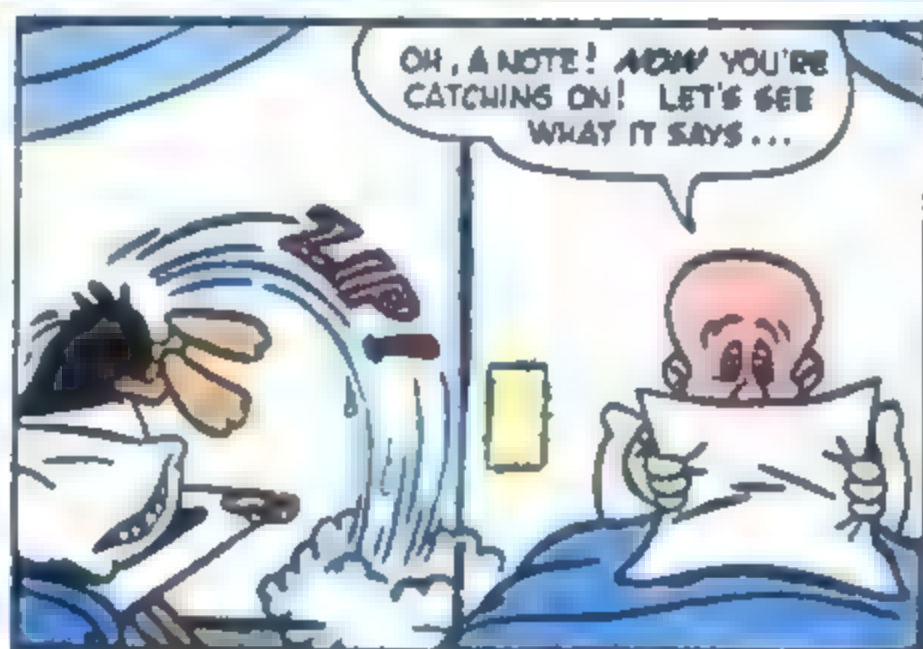
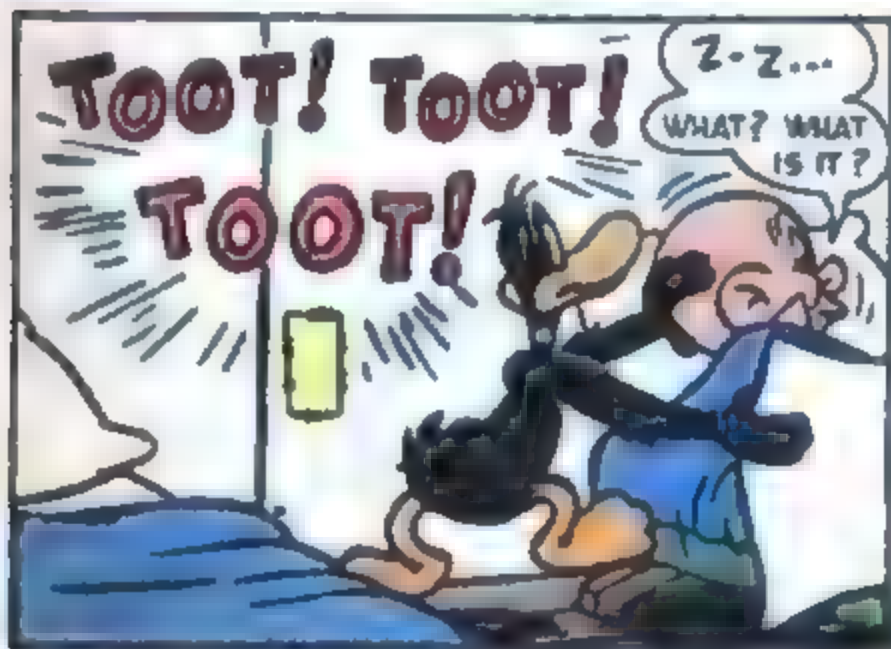
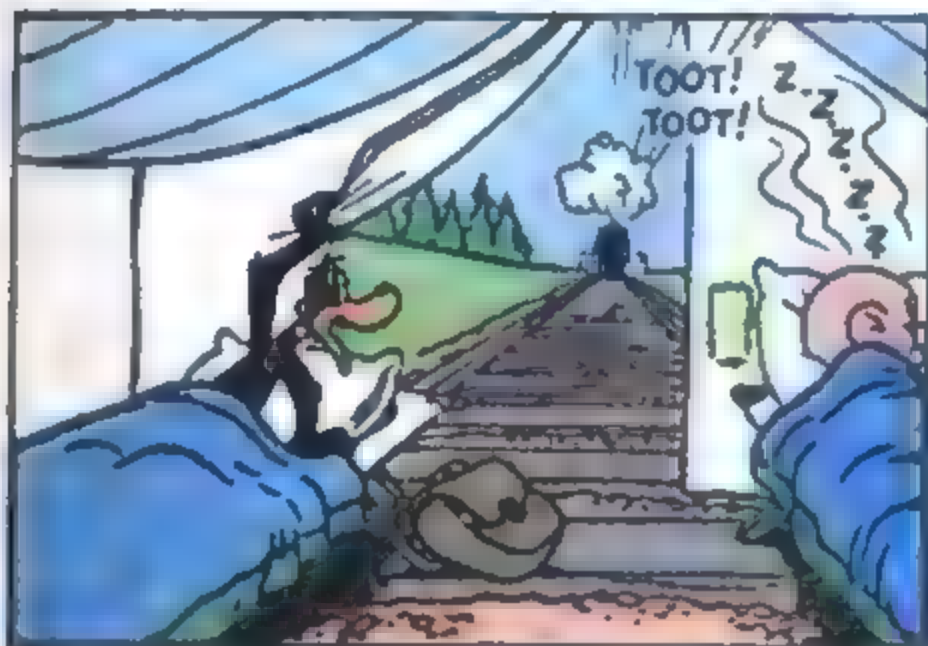
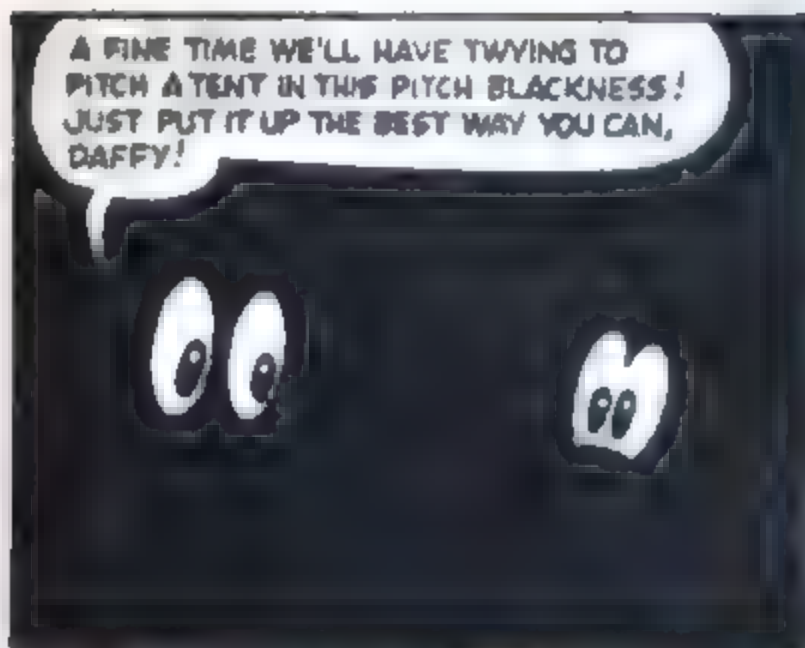
YOU SAID I SHOULDN'T OPEN
MY MOUTH, SO I DIDN'T!



I STILL SAY I'M BETTER OFF WHEN
YOU DON'T OPEN YOUR MOUTH! BUT
DO ME A FAVOR— THE NEXT TIME
SOMETHING IMPORTANT HAPPENS
WRITE ME A NOTE! THERE'S
PENCIL AND PAPER IN THE
KNAPSACK! **WRITE ME
A NOTE!**

I HOPE I
DON'T BREAK
ANY RULES IF
I TALK IN MY
SLEEP!





DAFFY

STOVEPIPE
STARGAZER

THAT'S FOR ME!

BE AN
ASTRONOMER
☆☆☆☆☆☆

STUDY THE STARS

TELESCOPE

\$10

POST PAID

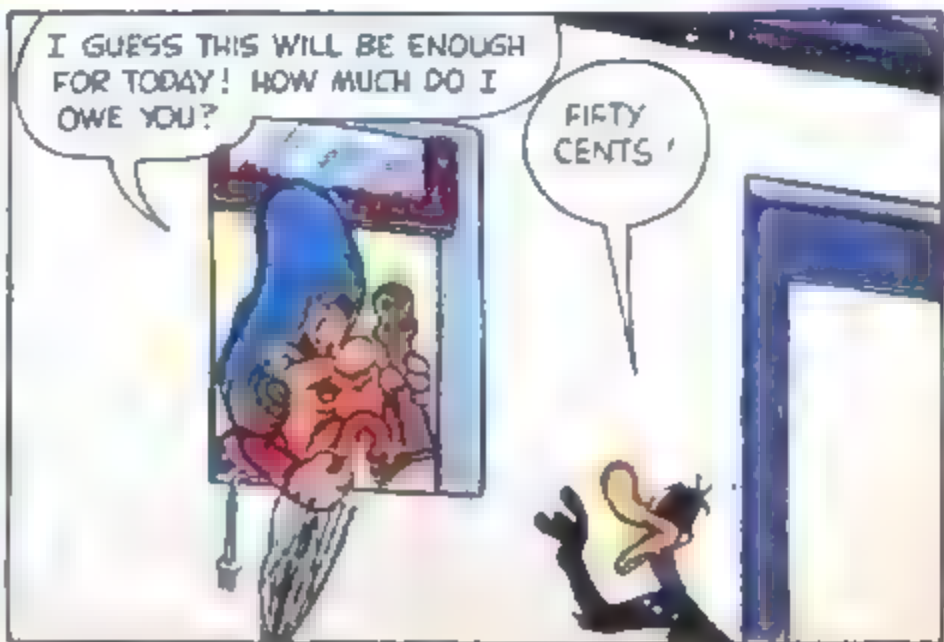
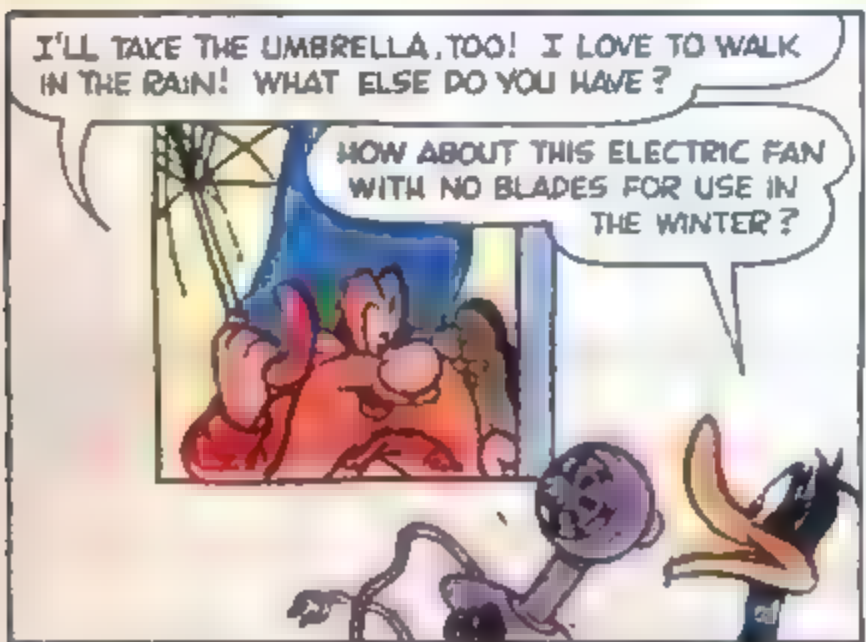
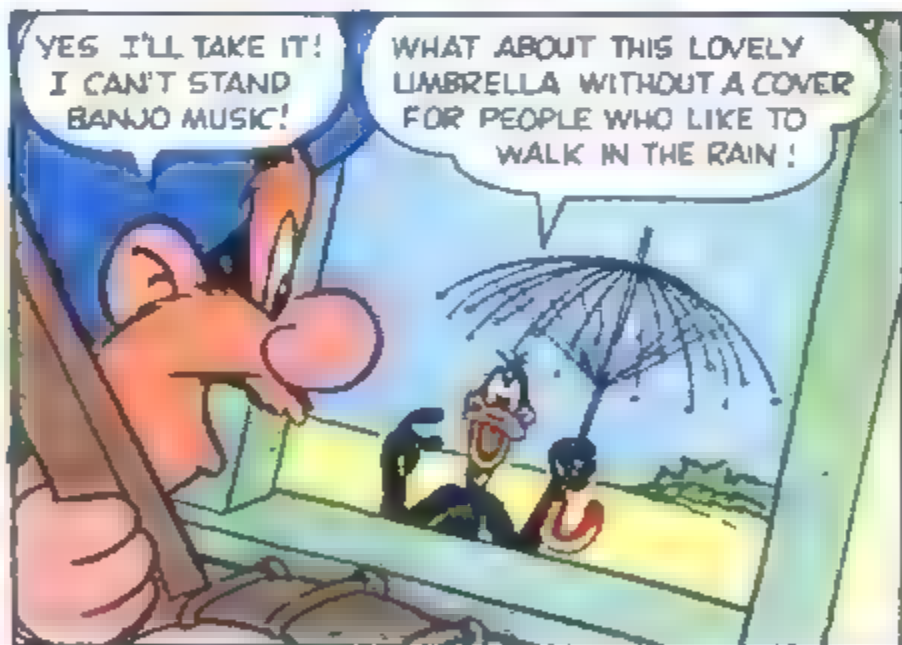
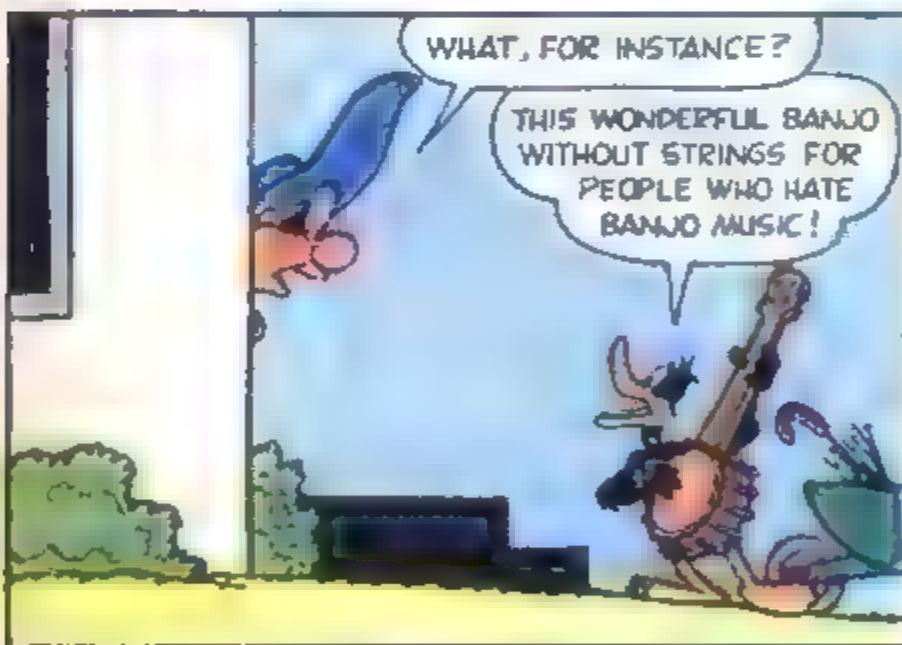
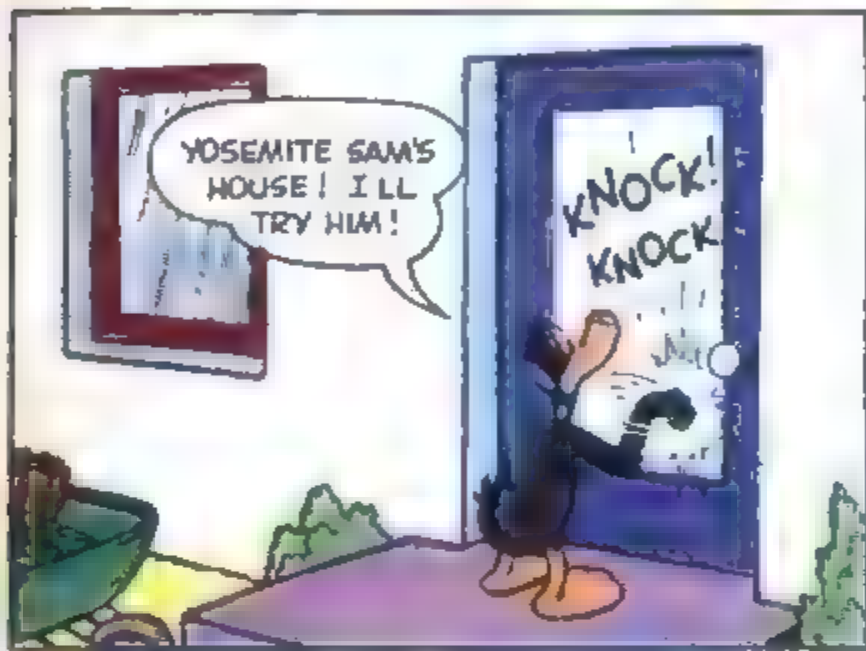
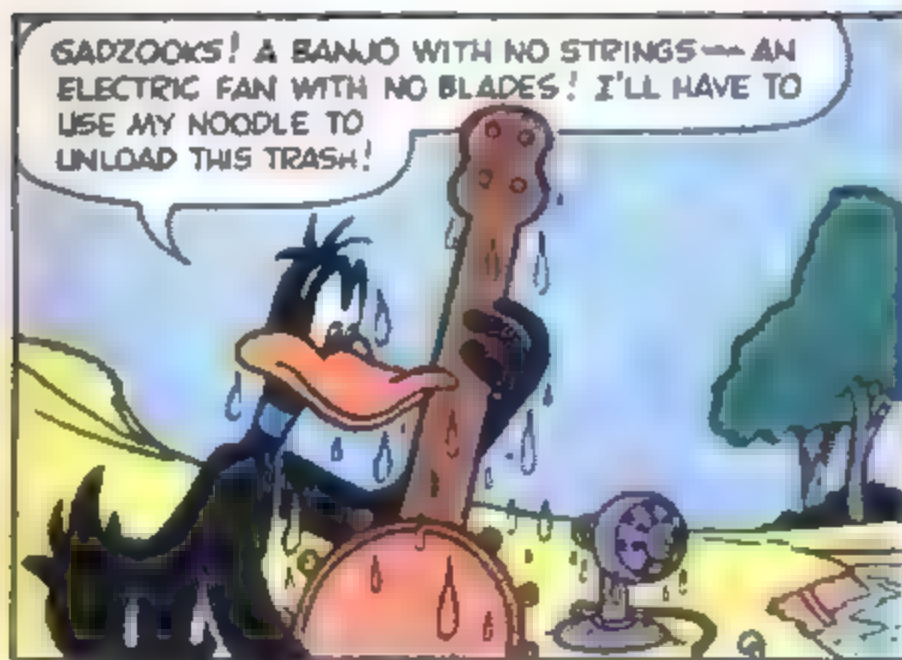
OUTER SPACE CO.
NEW YORK

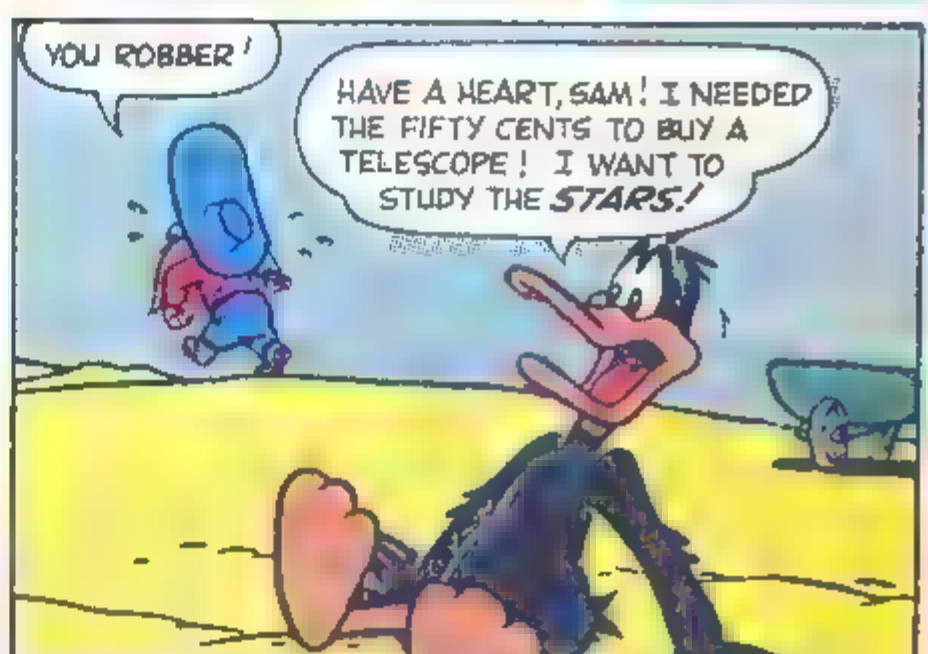
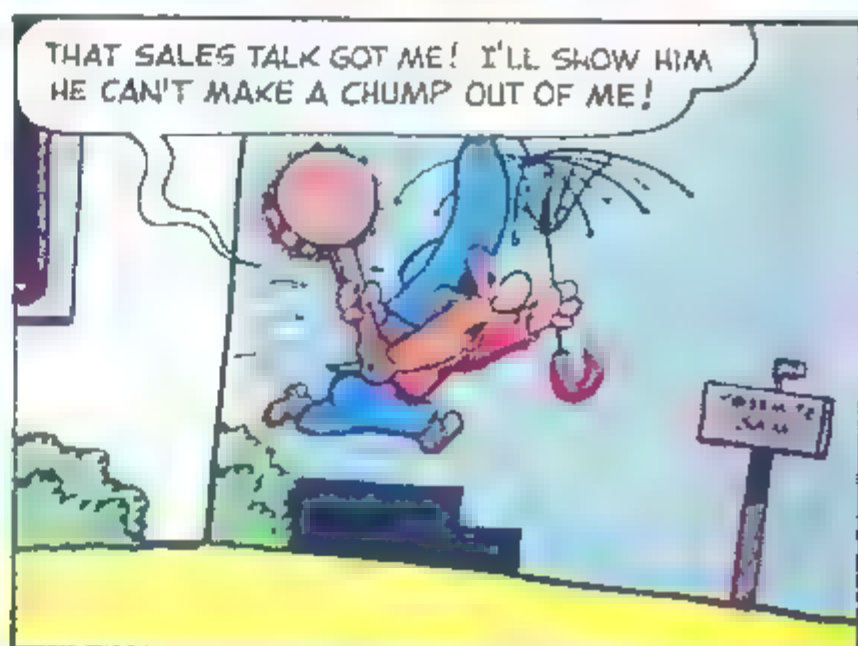
LET'S SEE HOW MUCH I
GOT IN MY PIGGY BANK!

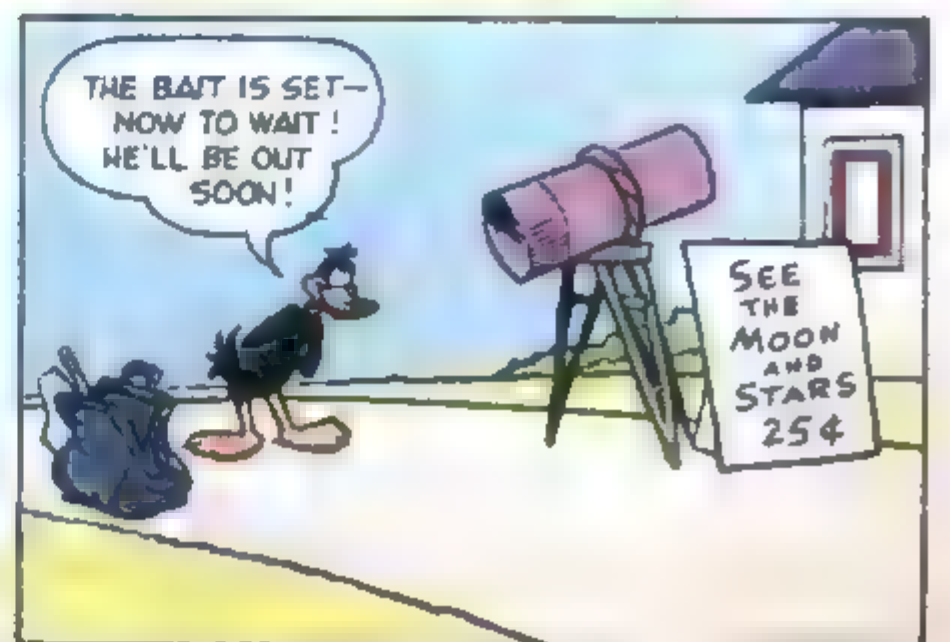
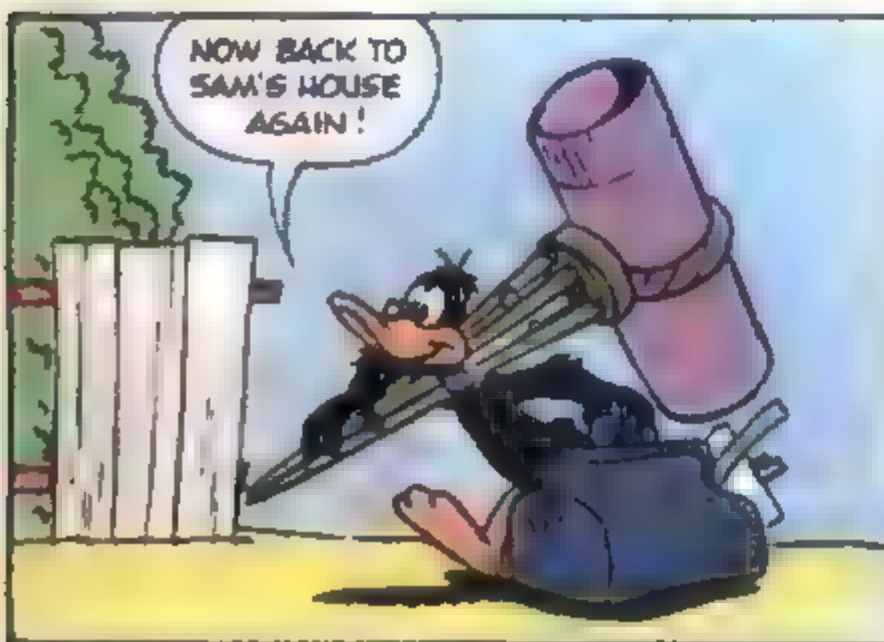
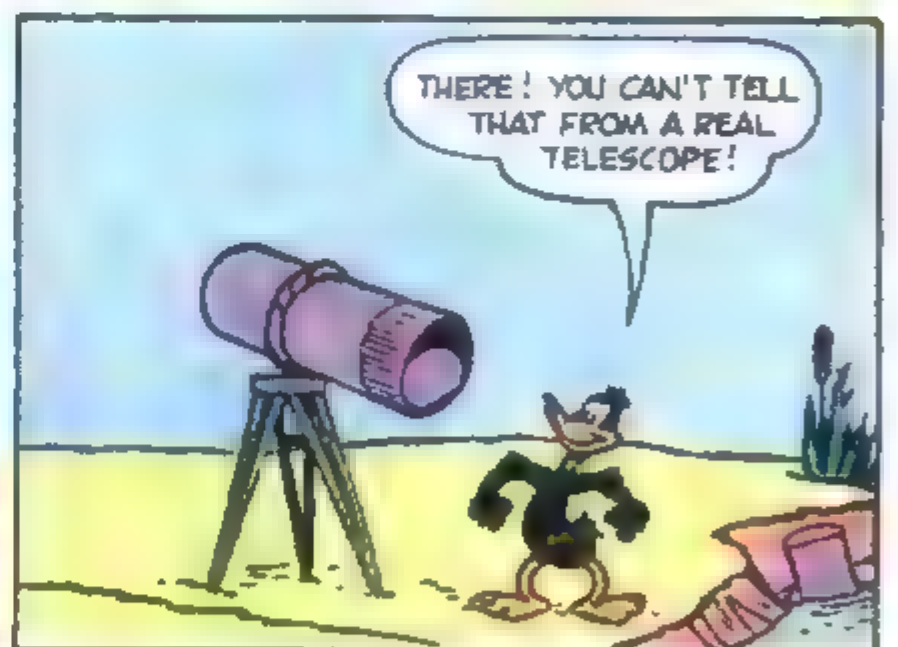
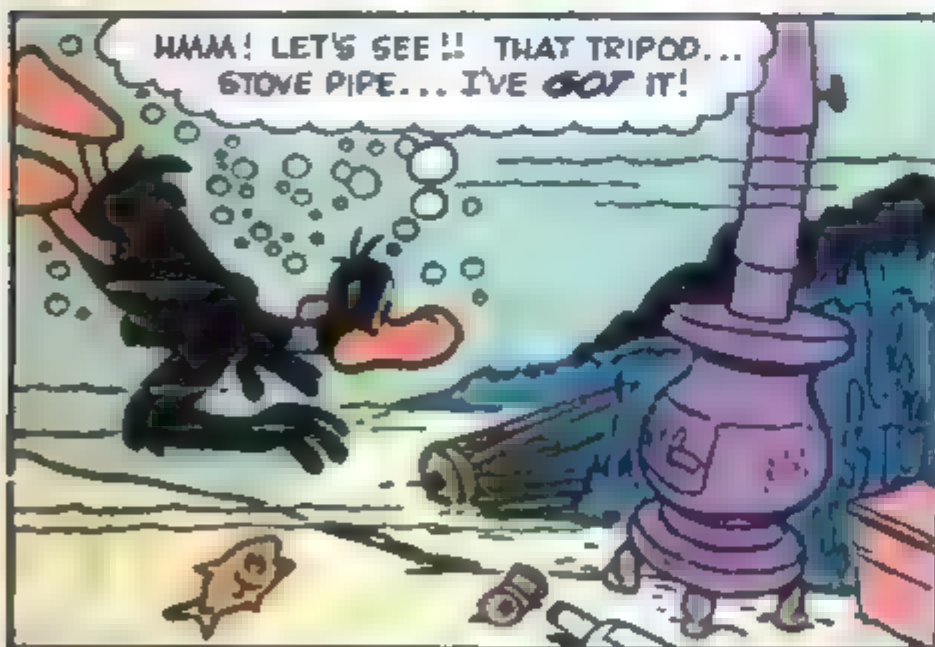
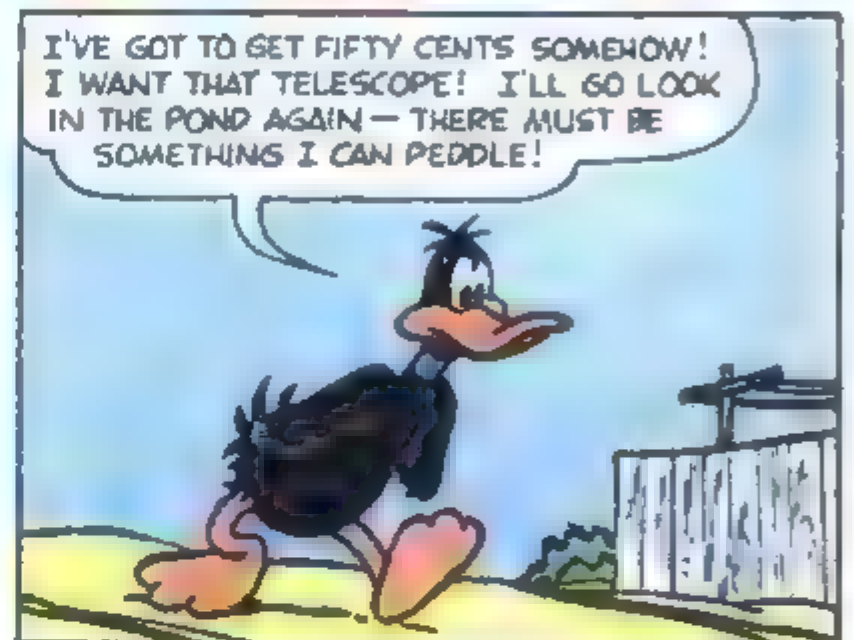
I'M FIFTY CENTS SHORT OF HAVING
THE NECESSARY TEN DOLLARS!

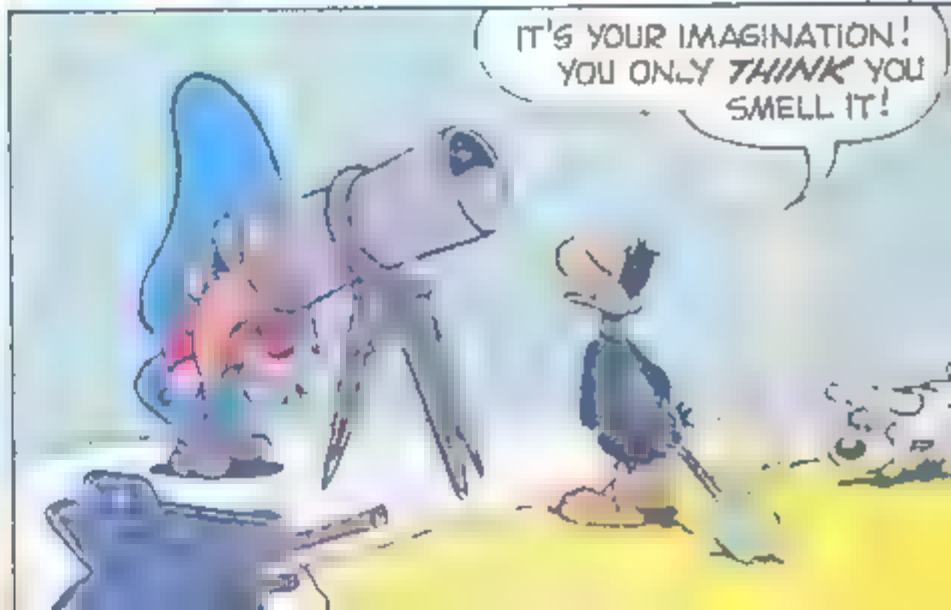
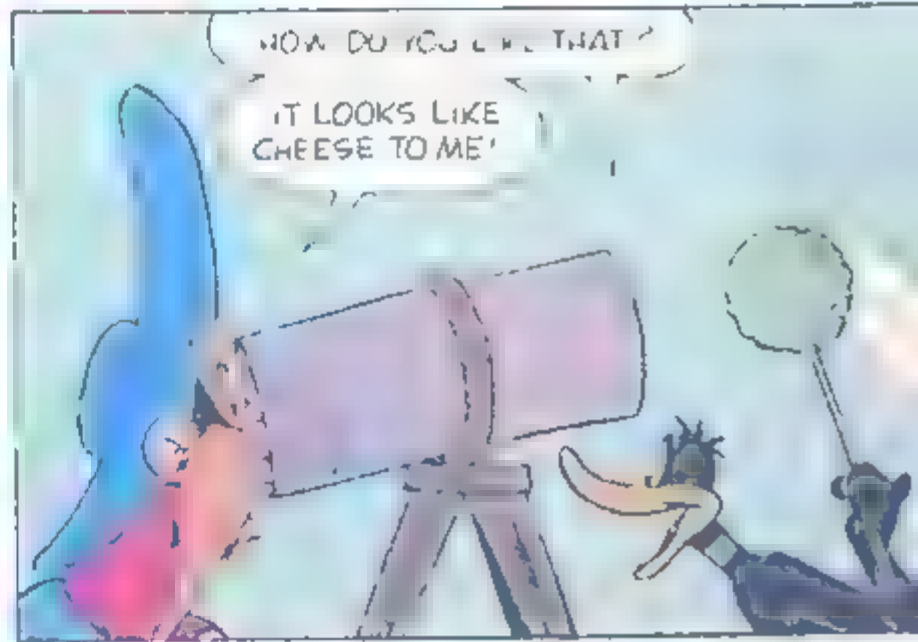
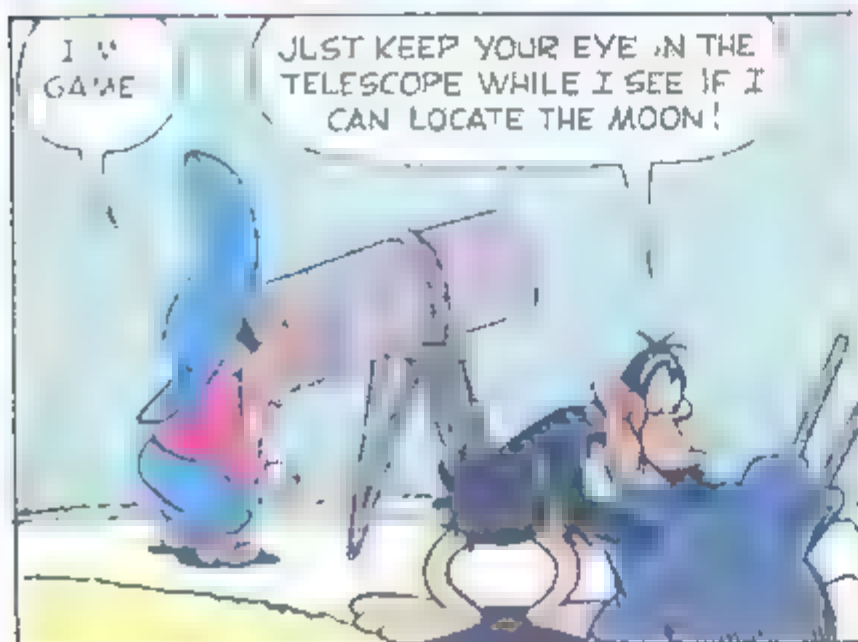
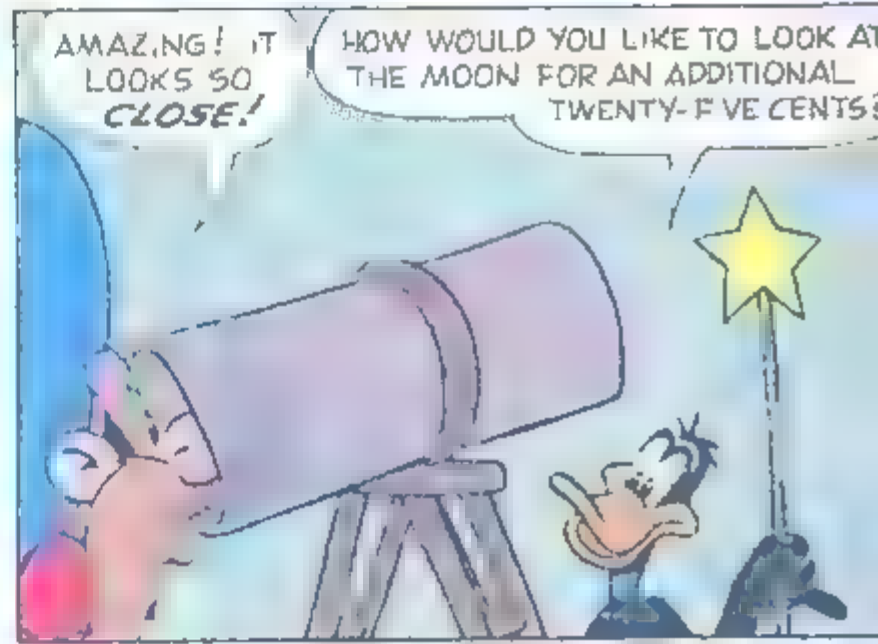
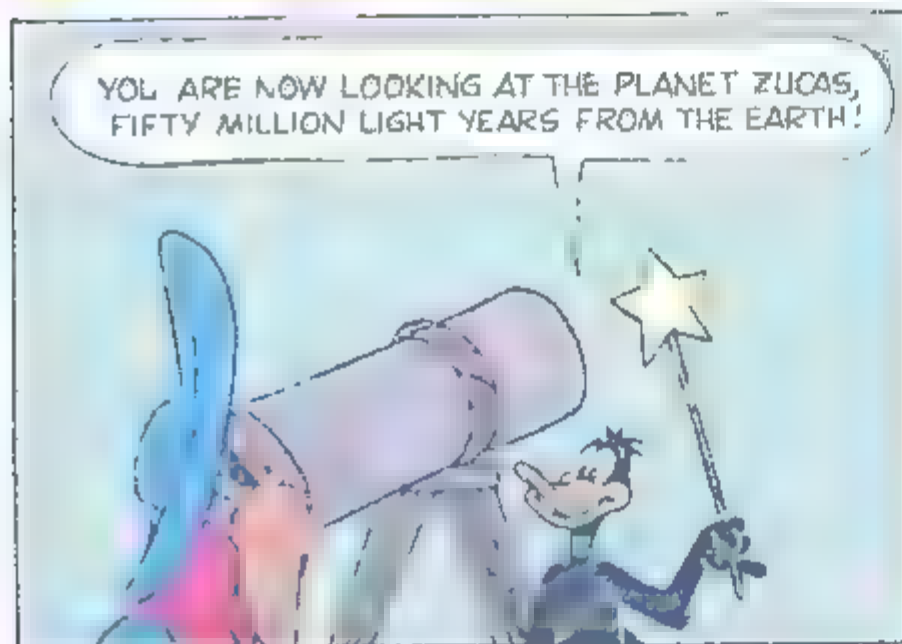
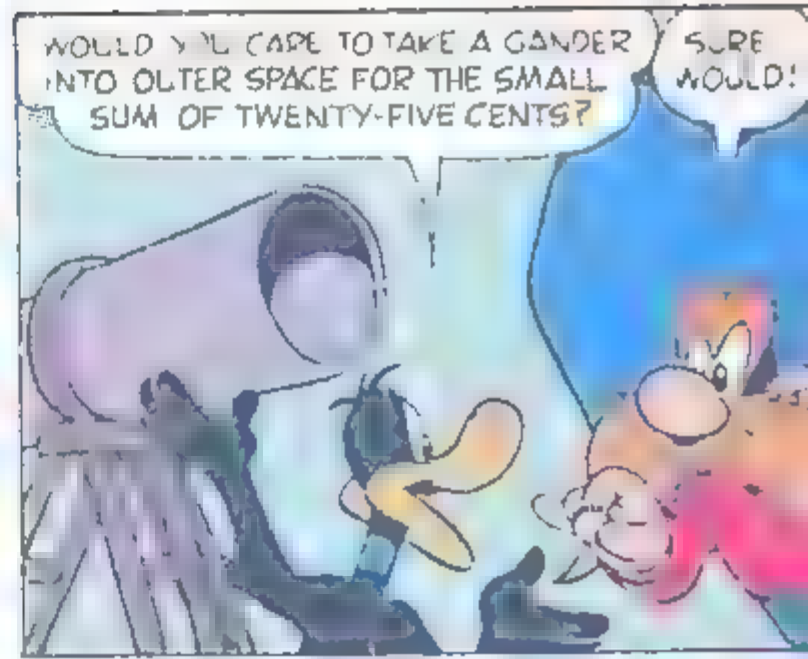
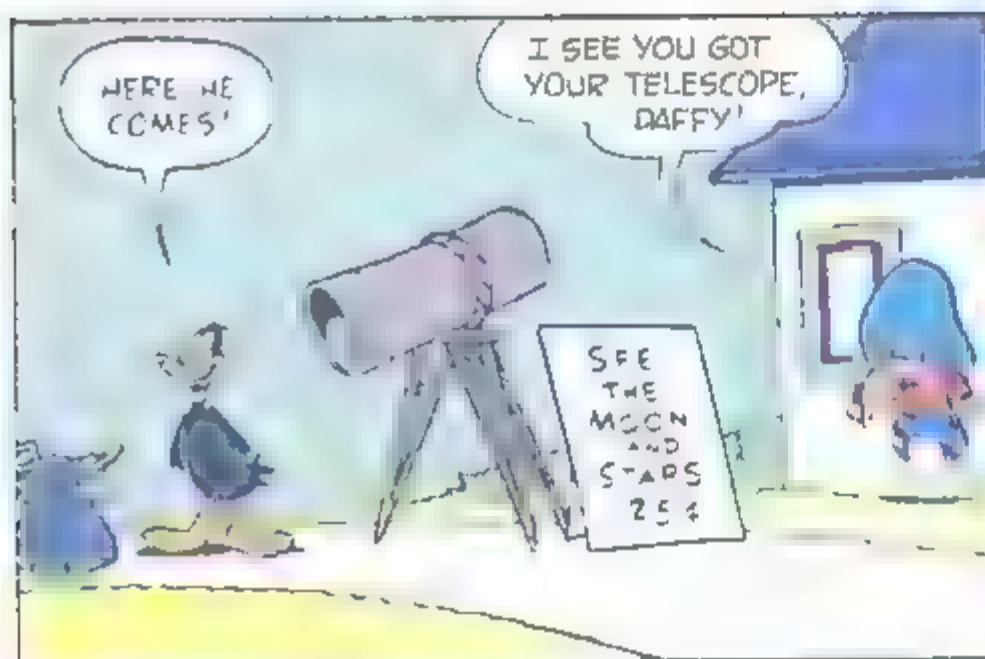
LET'S SEE... HOW CAN I RAISE
FIFTY CENTS? HMM! THERE'S LOTS
OF JUNK IN THE BOTTOM OF THE POND!

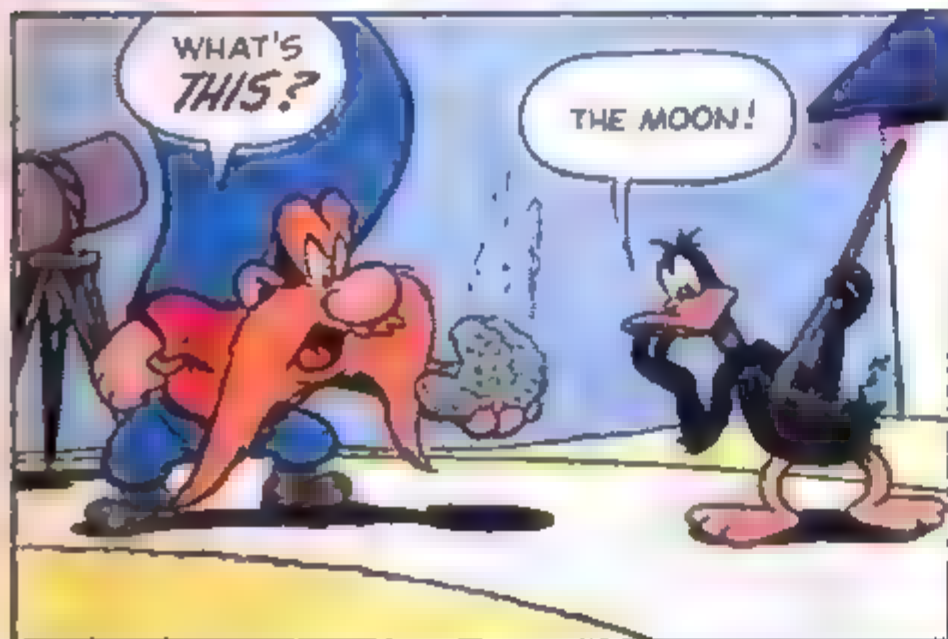
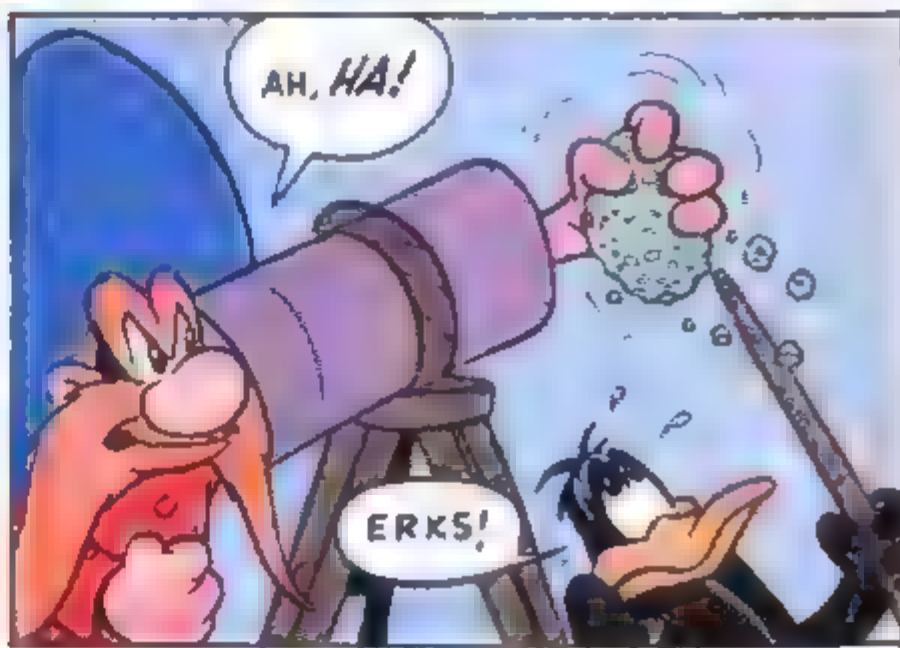
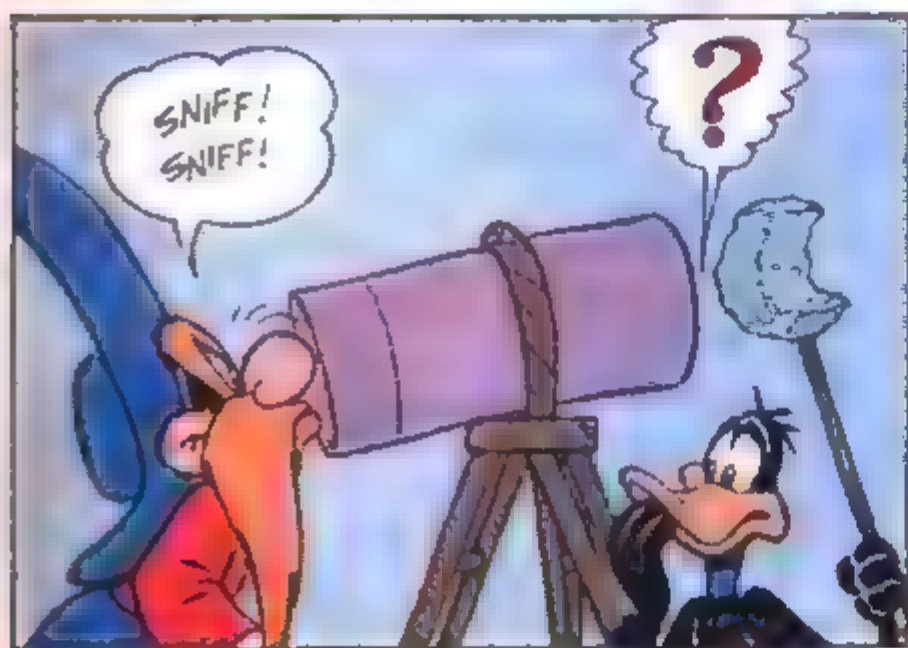
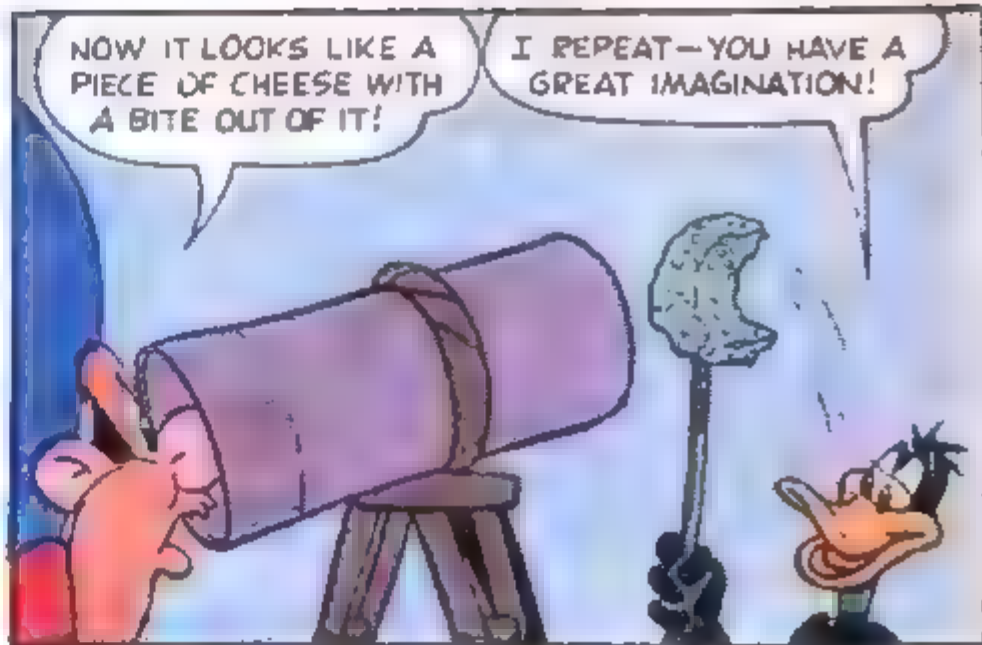
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TOSSING
ODDS AND ENDS IN HERE FOR
YEARS! MAYBE I CAN SELL
THIS STUFF!











WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

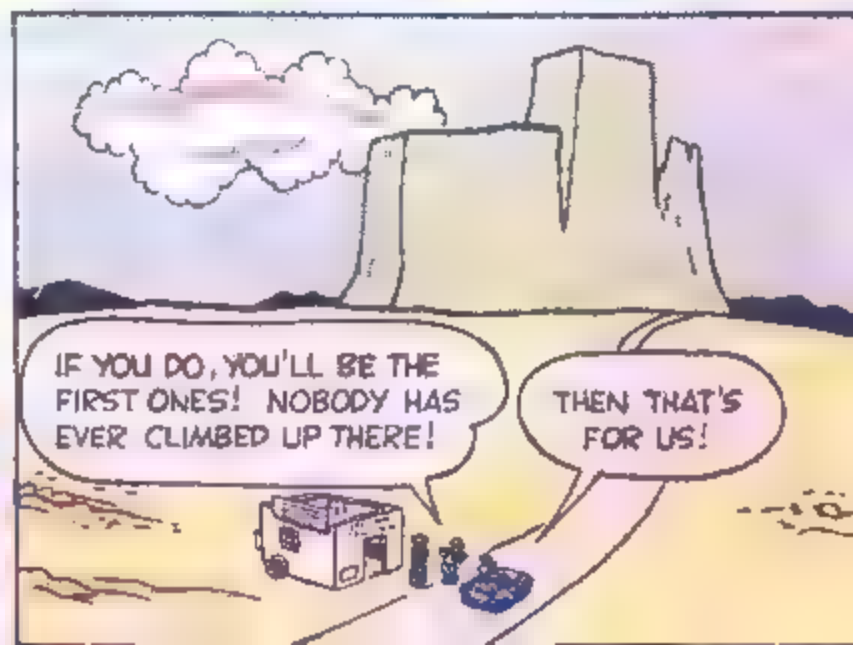
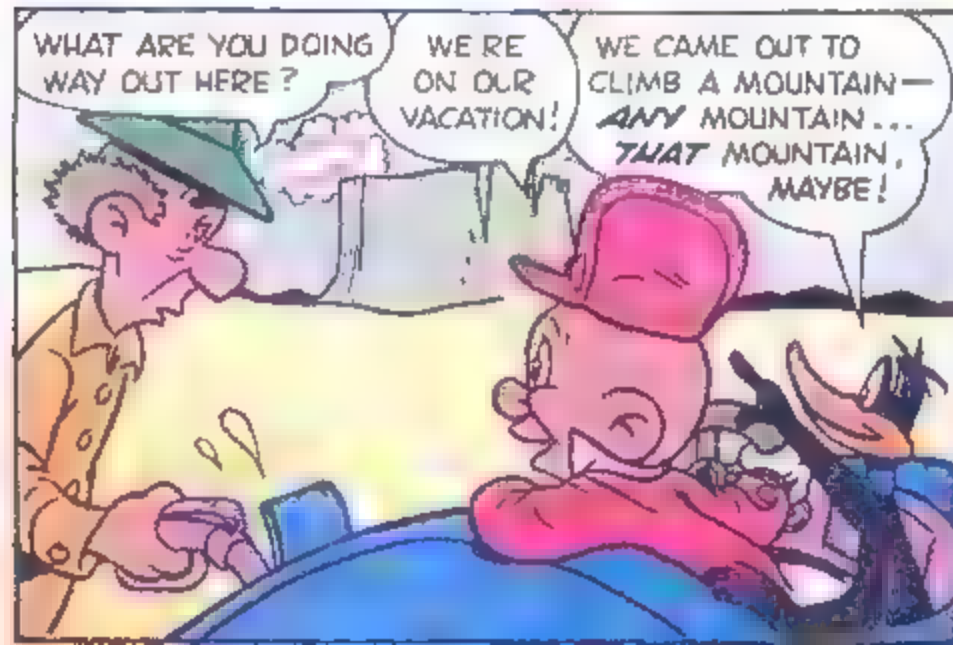
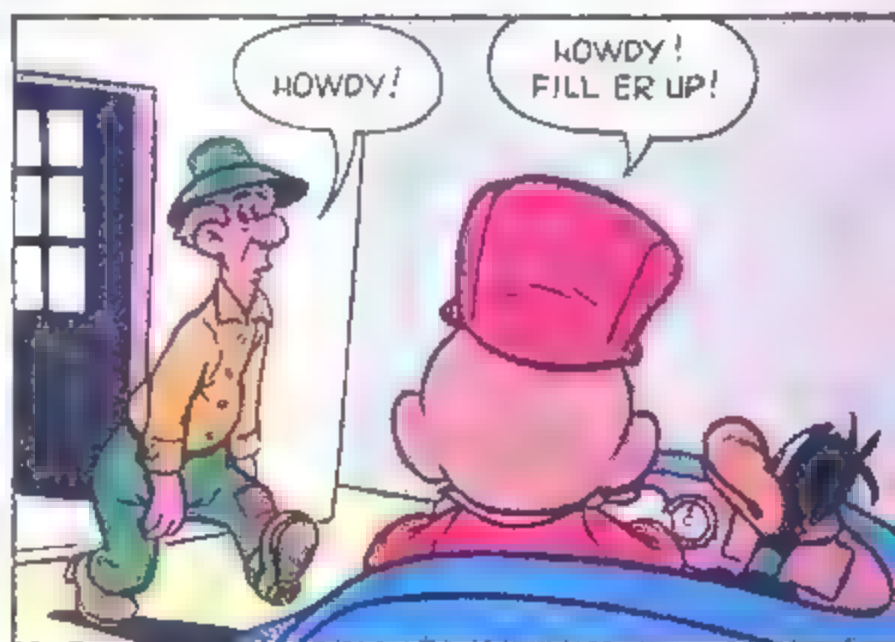
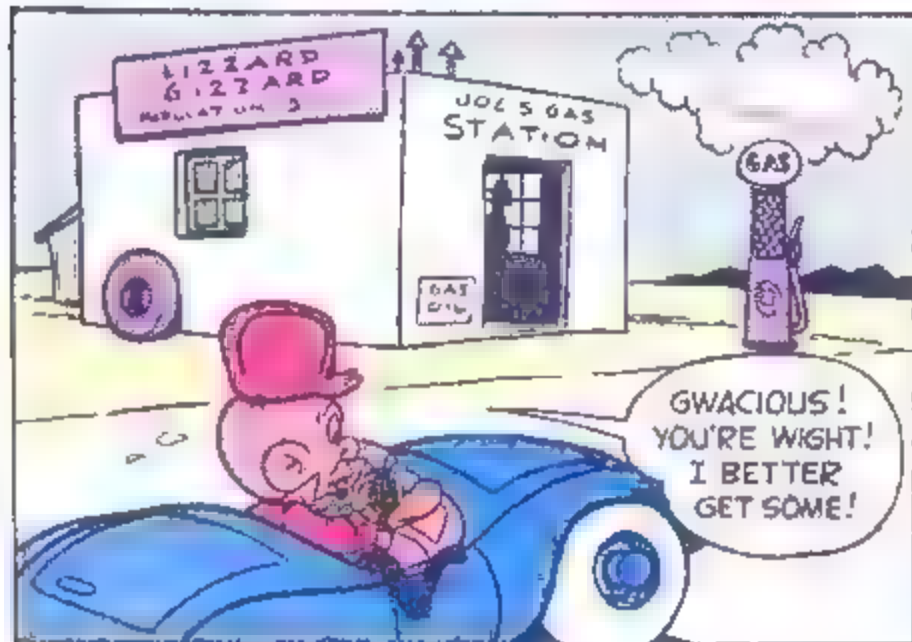
Daffy

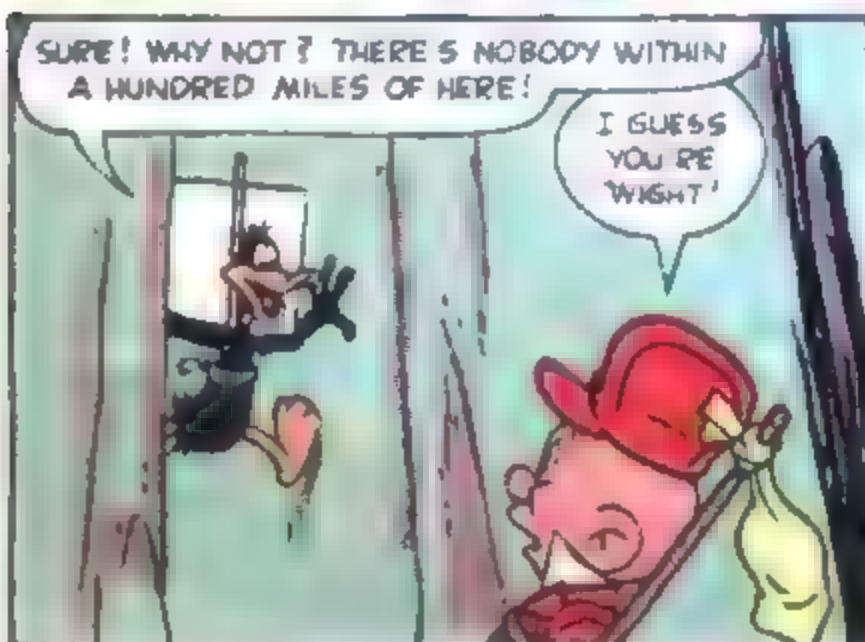
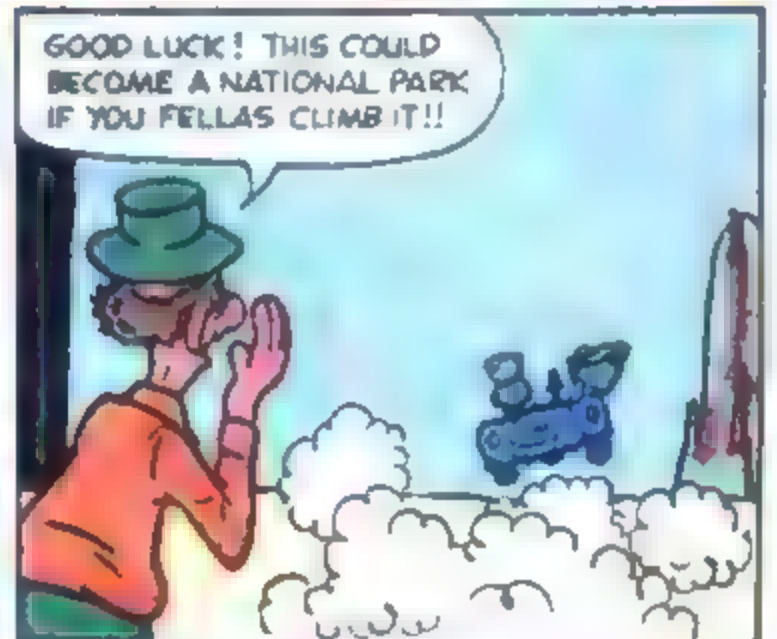
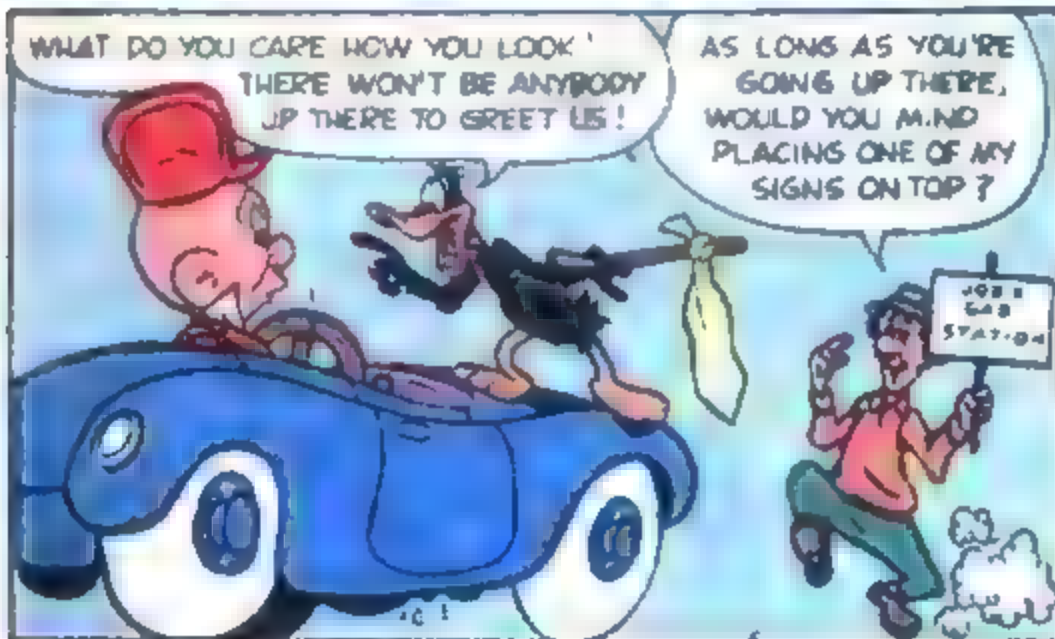
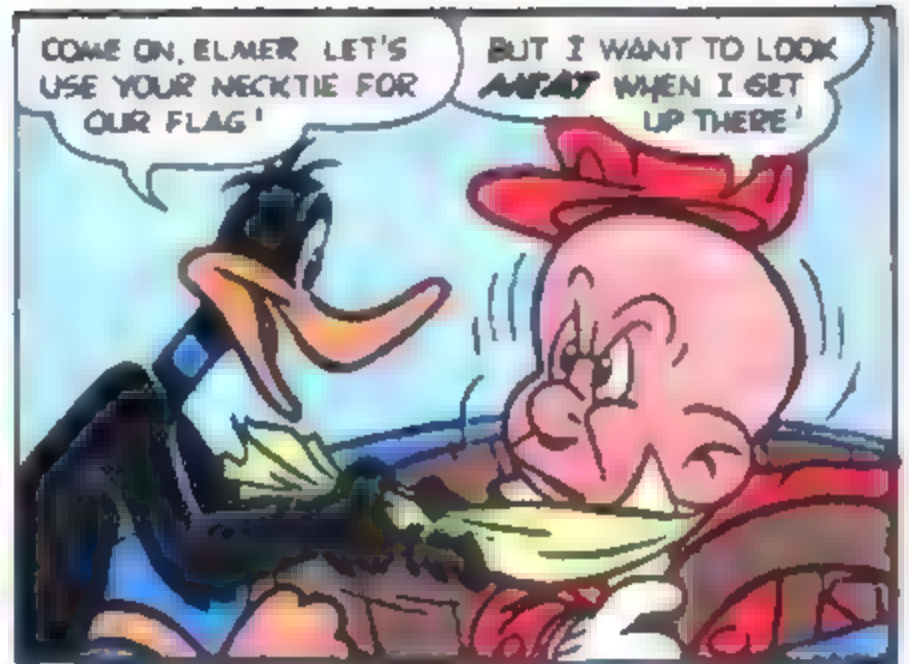
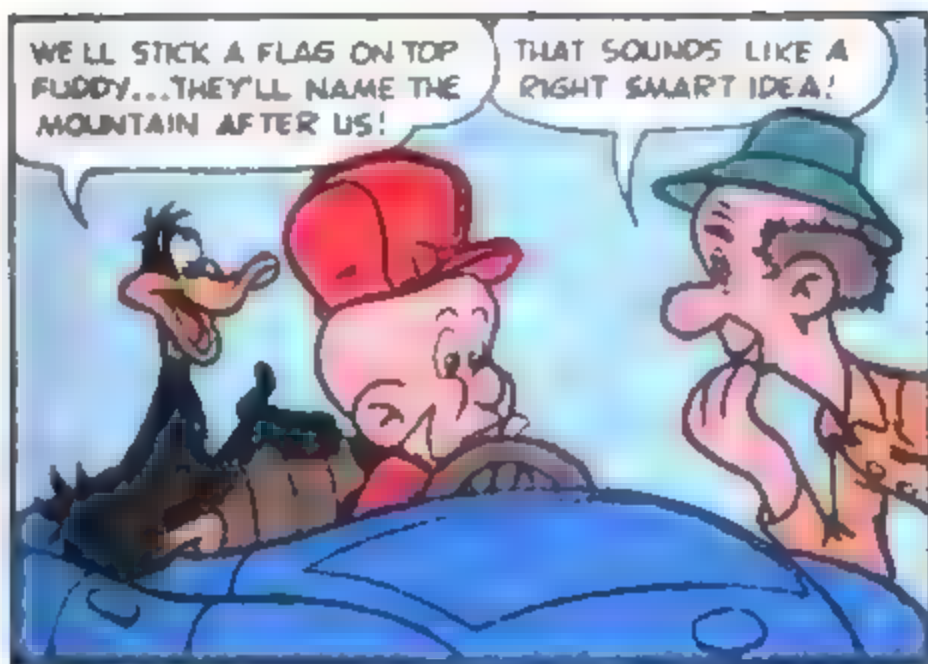
PREHISTORIC HOSPITALITY

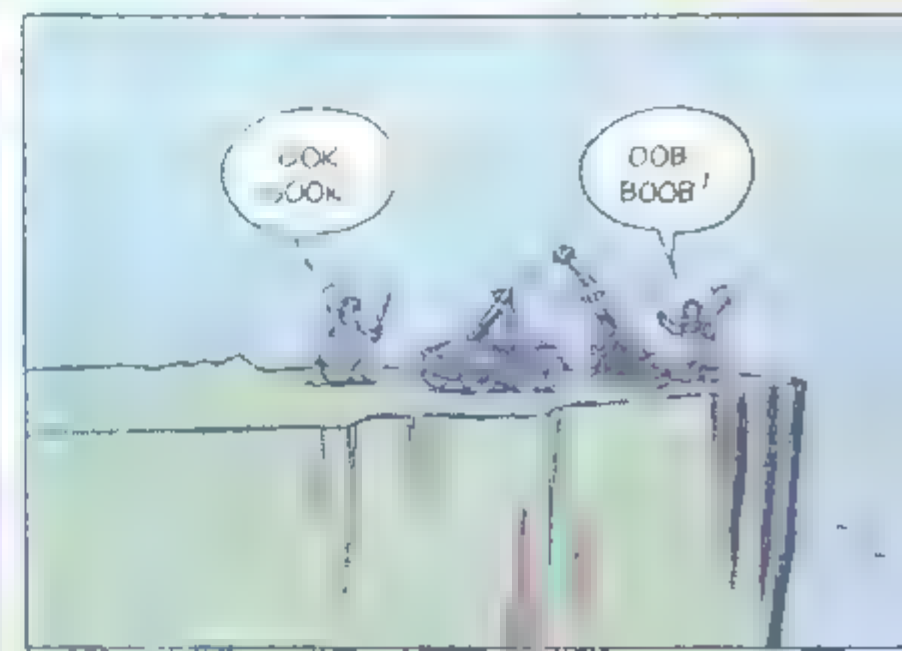
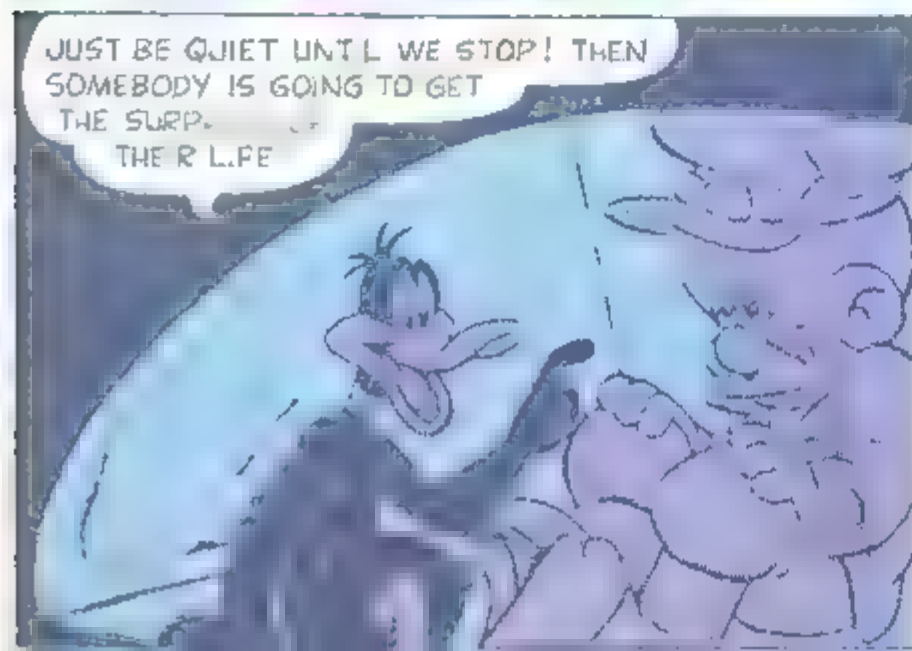
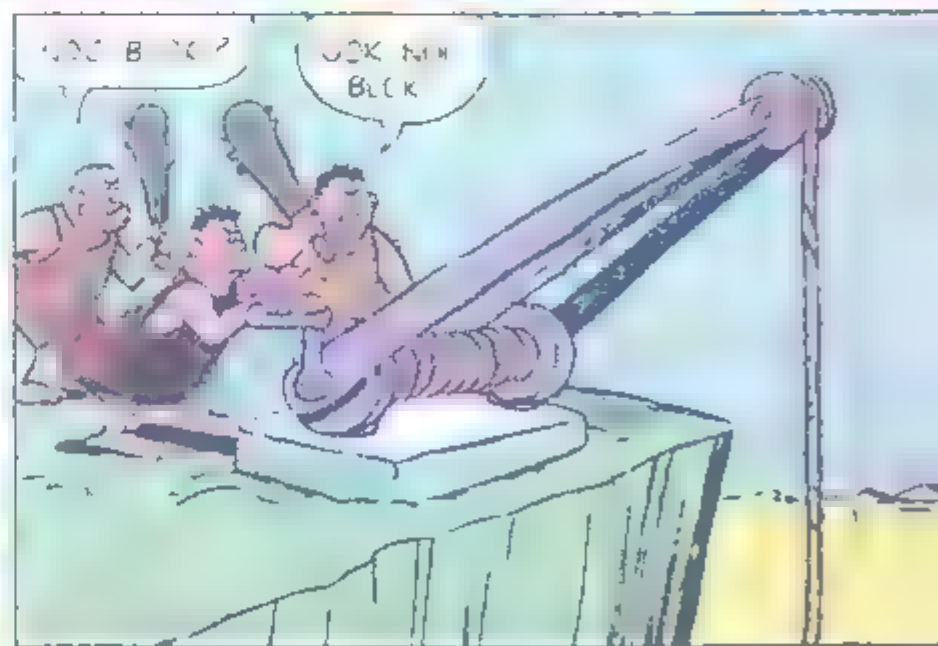
WHAT PWETTY COUNTRY! THE WIDE OPEN SPACES—
LAND, WITH NOTHING ON IT BUT GWOUND!

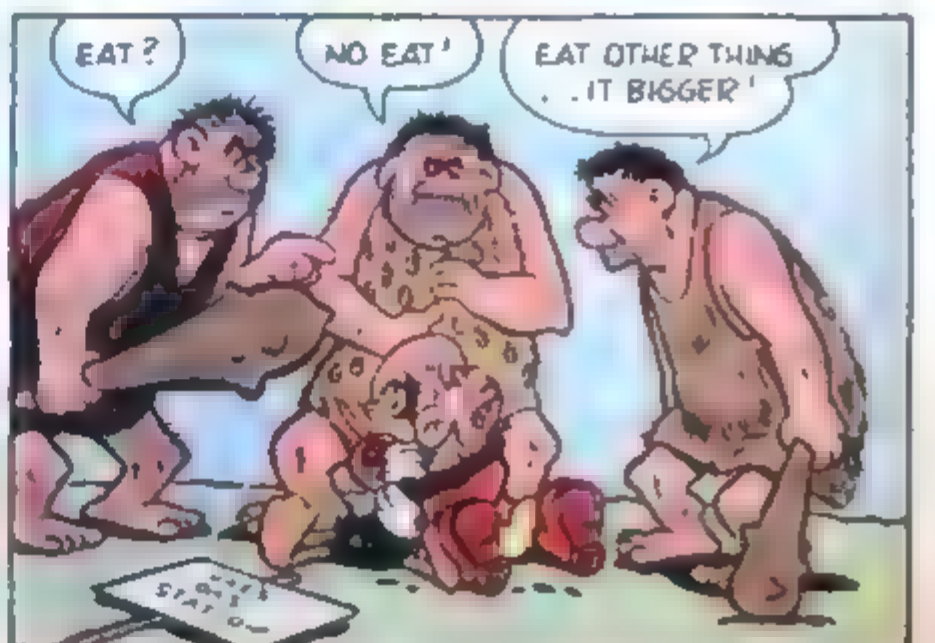
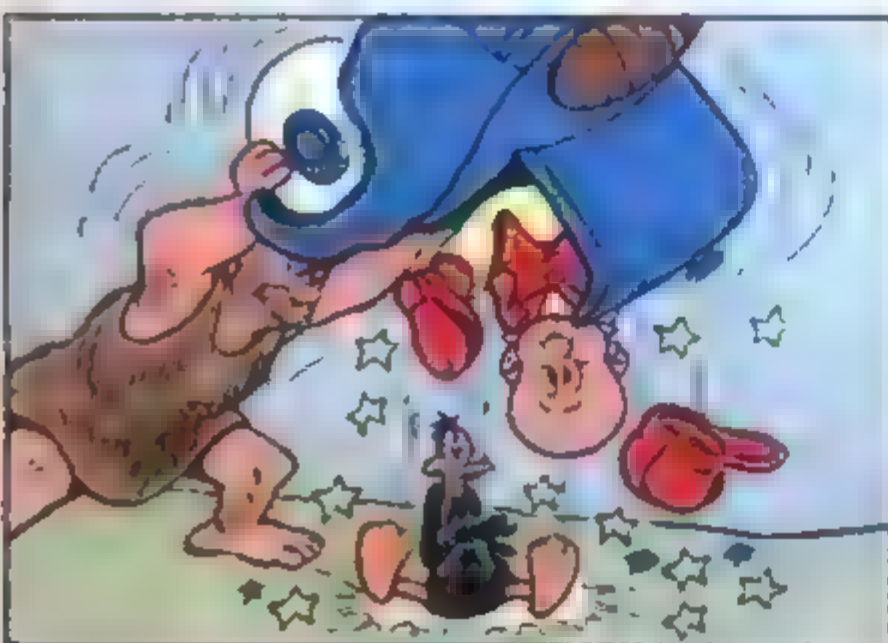
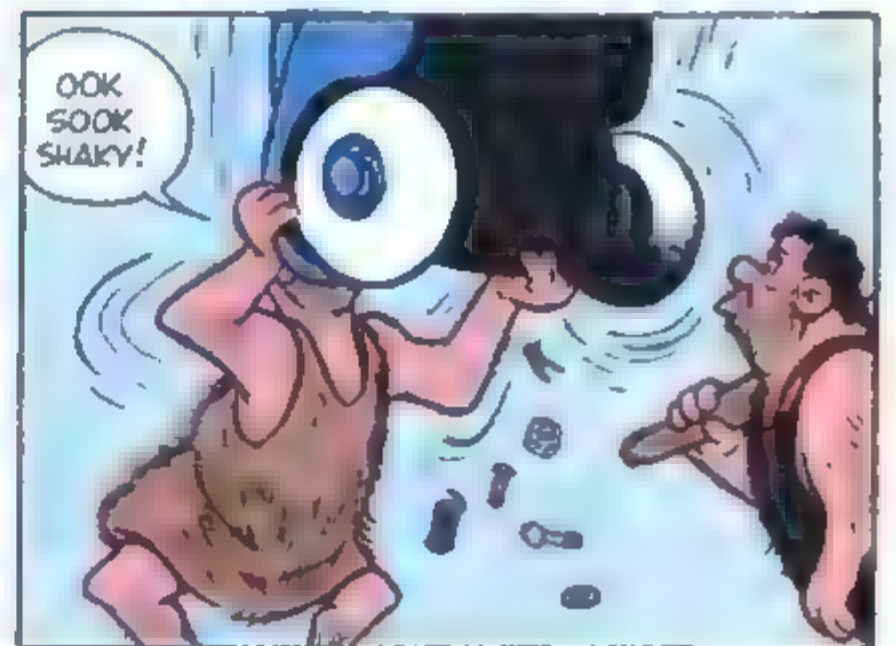
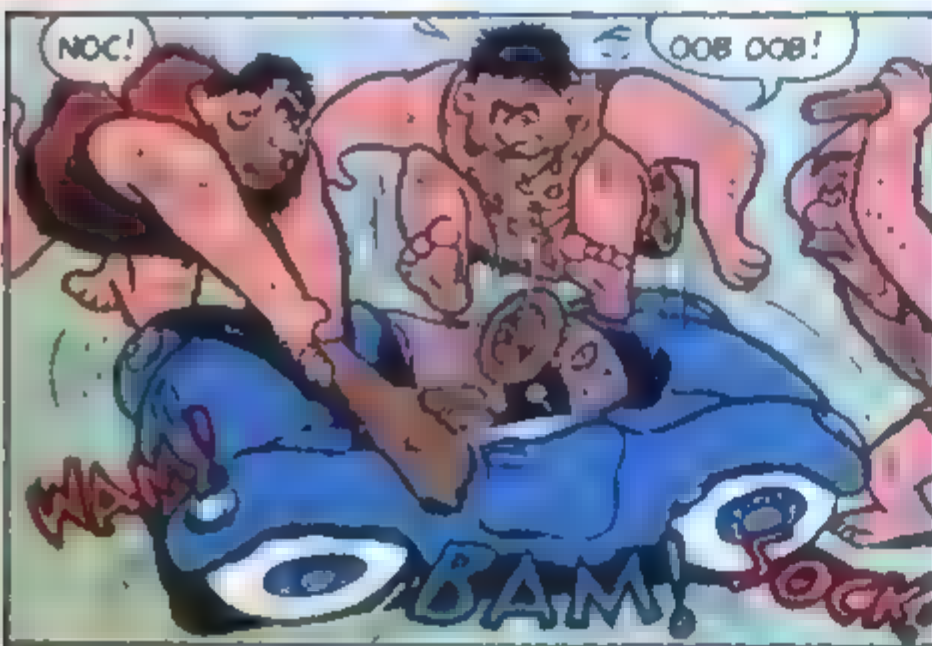
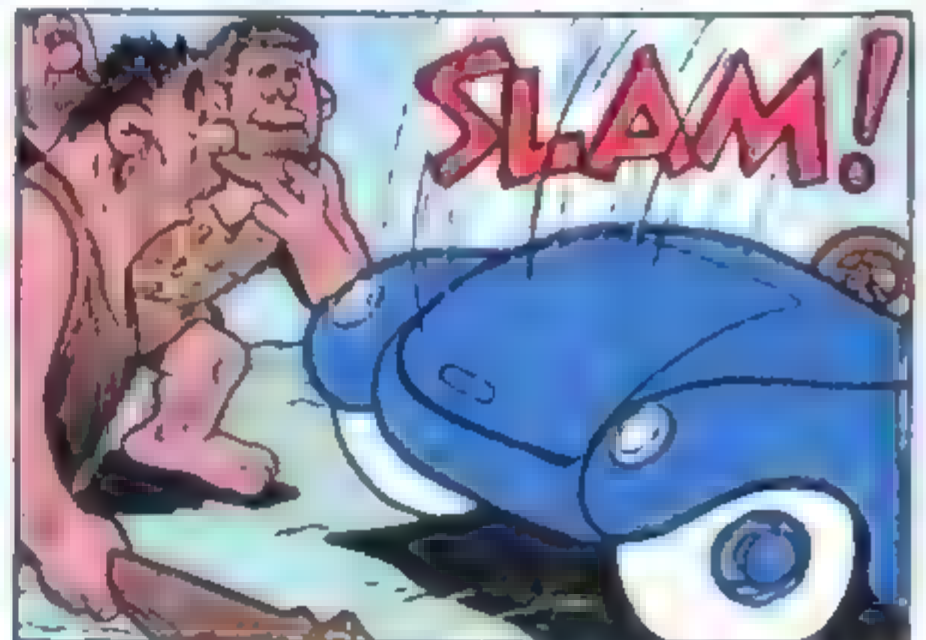
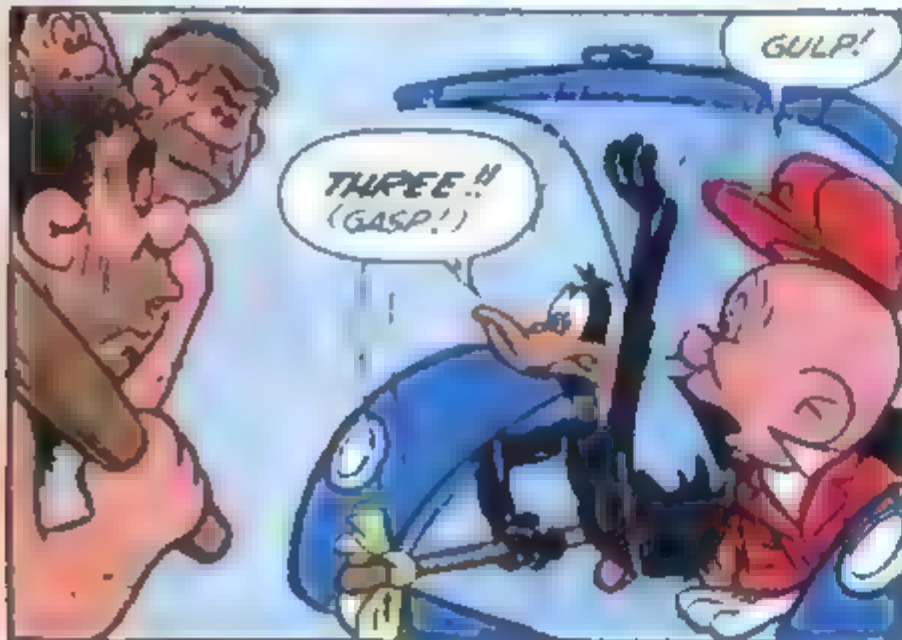
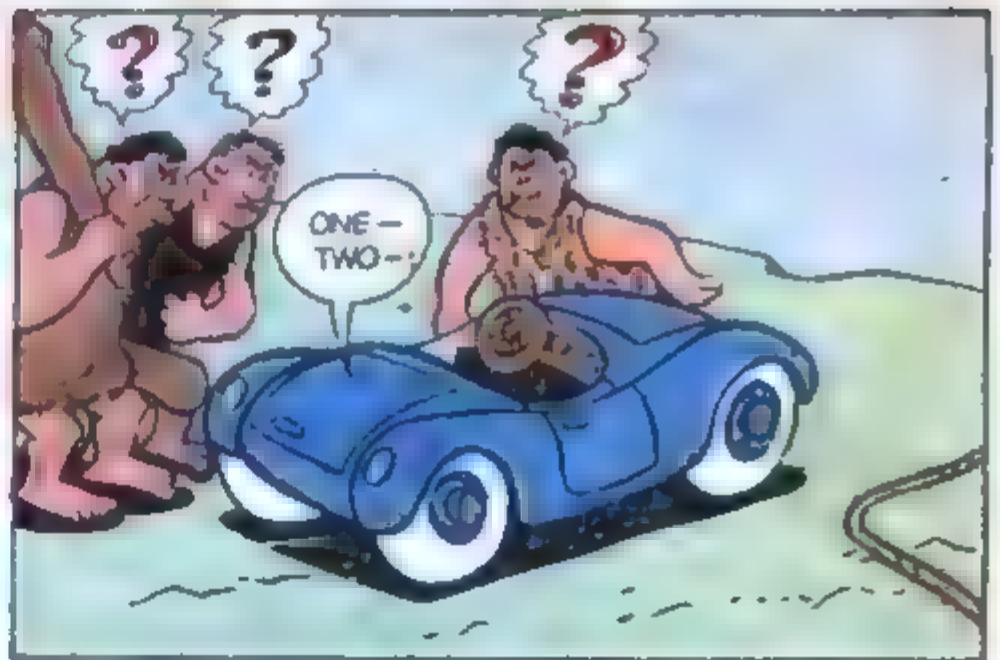
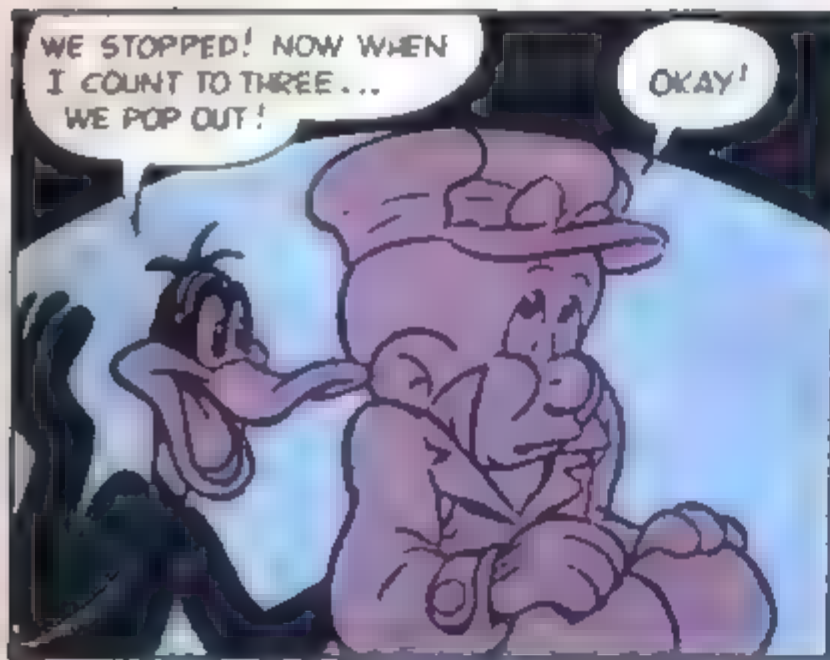
AND YOUR GAS TANK
READS EMPTY—
NOTHING IN IT
BLT AIR!

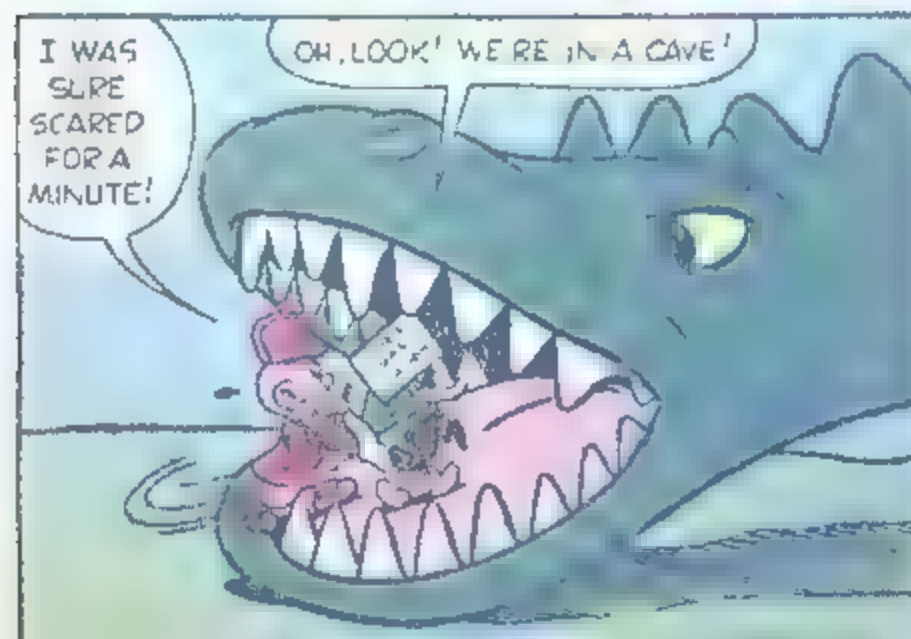
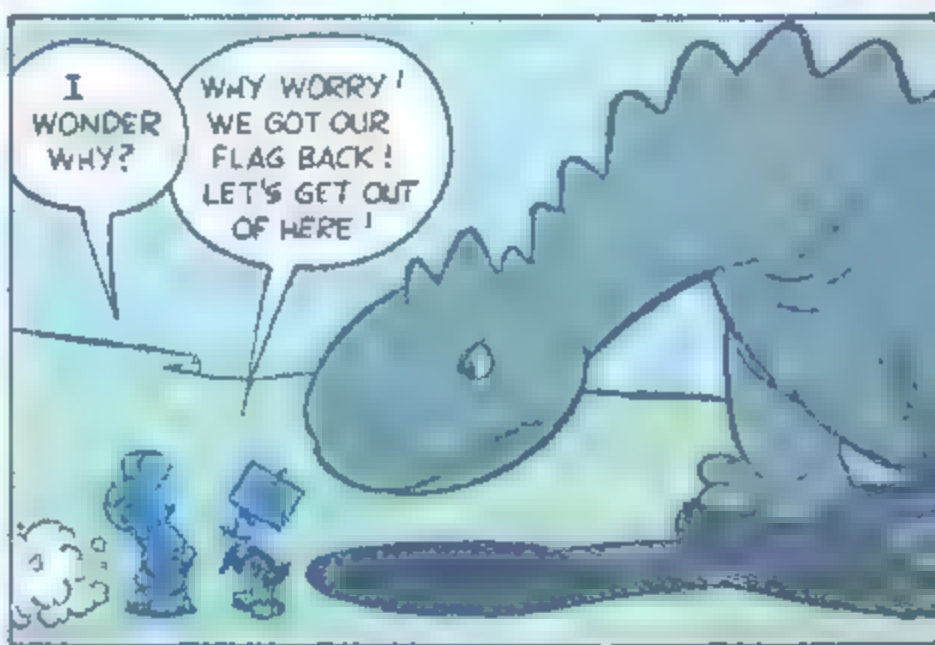
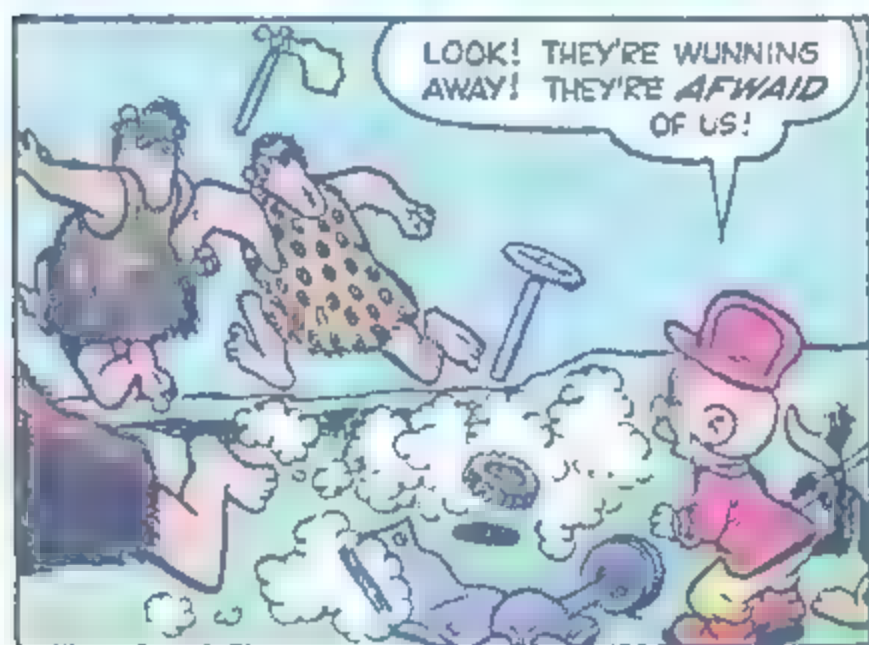
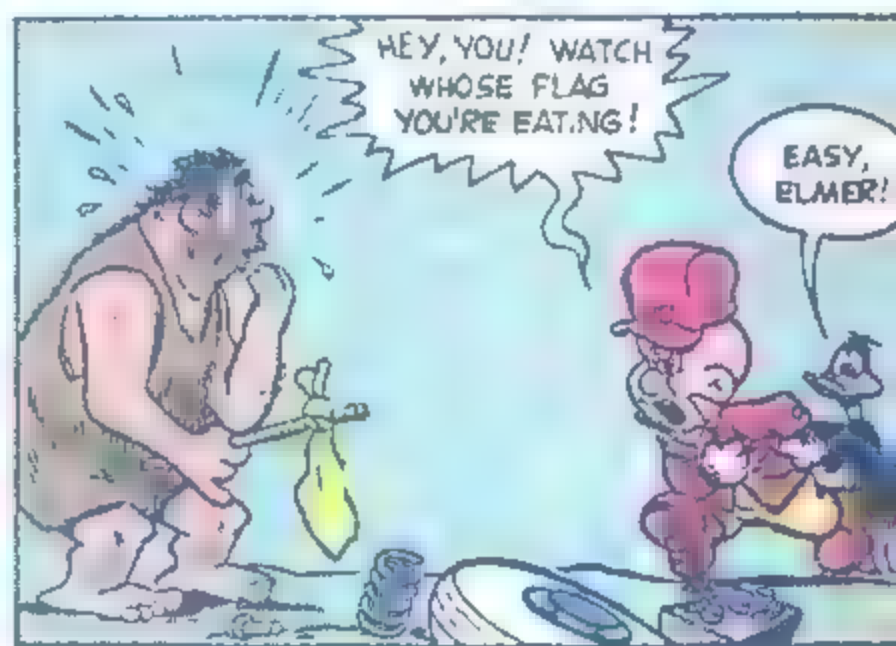
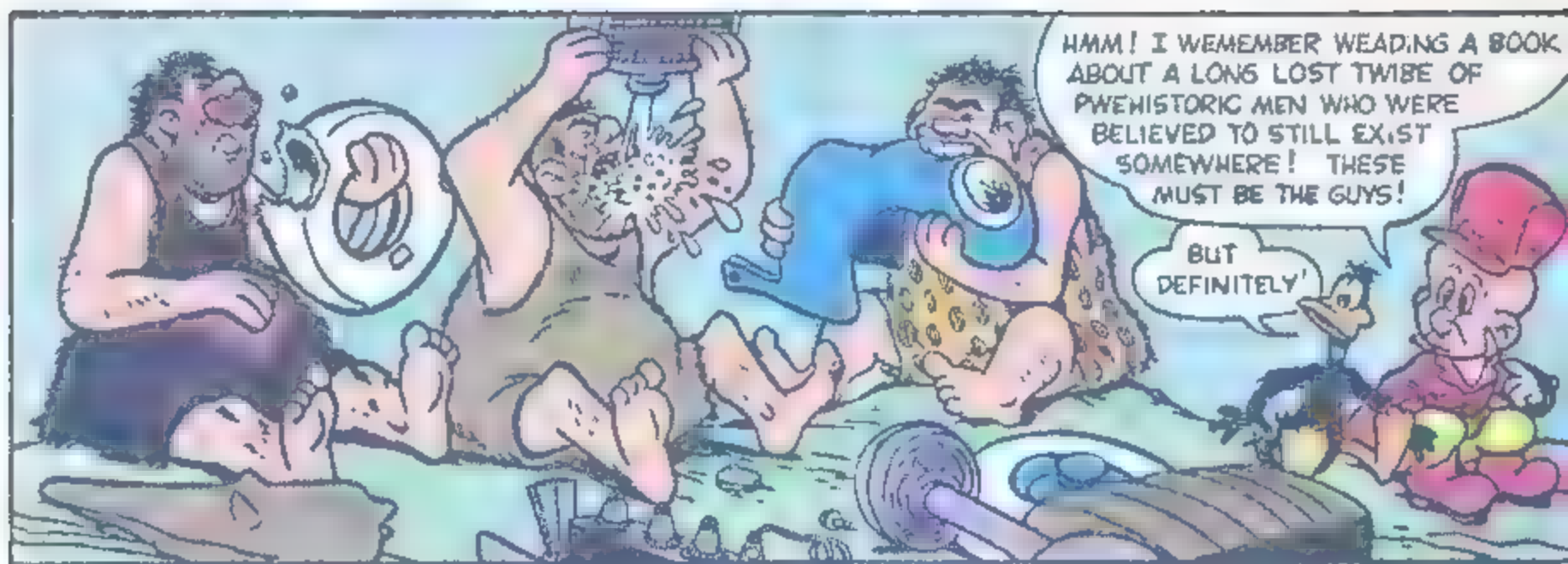
NOWHERE
50 YARDS

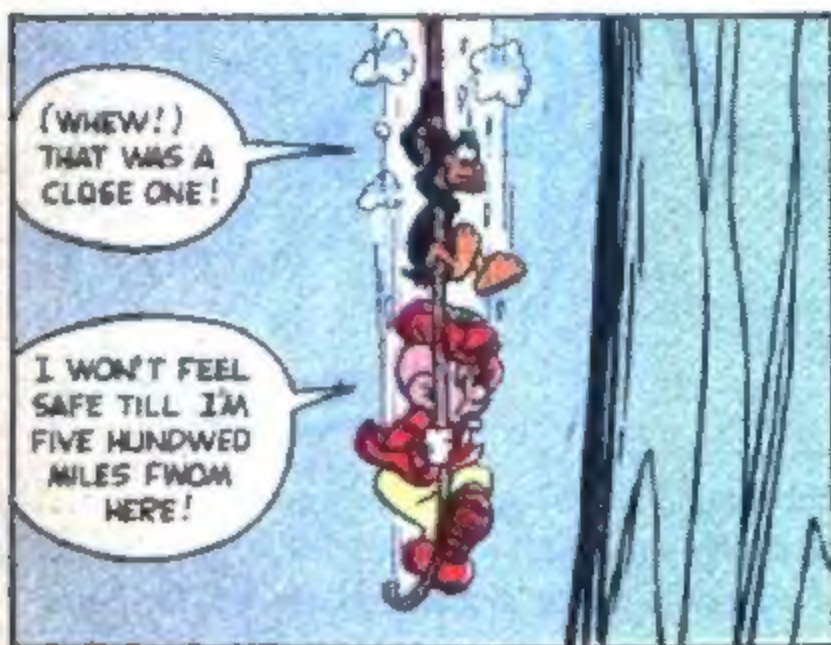












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WARNER BROS. CARTOONS

PRESENT

Daffy



Have Some Fun! See if
WRONG WITH THE

Have Some Fun! See if you can tell
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

Pick out the mistakes and see how many stars you rate in the safety quiz. You rate one star for each mistake you find. See if you can be a "five-star safety expert".

(To find out what score you made, turn the page upside down.)



ANSWERS: Boy holding wood while other boy chops • Boy chopping in the middle of crowd • Boy doing reckless trick • Small child playing with fire • Boy running with sharp object in hand.

